

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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Things in General

THE "News" sometimes, in endeavoring to be upright, leans backwards; in struggling to be independent, occasionally becomes intolerant. Just now it has a fad for being dignified and large-minded, and is discussing whether it is possible to love our neighbors as ourselves. For instance: "As we question the wisdom of deporting the engineers, so we doubt the advantage of confining the British preference to goods imported at Canadian seaports."

As to deporting the engineers hired by the G.T.P. to supervise the construction of thousands of miles of road for which Canada is paying or pledging her credit, there can be no doubt. They were hired in contempt of Canadian engineers who are equally as acceptable the world over at construction work as those engaged. If Canadian engineers were engaged by private concerns to work in the United States, as soon as the fact was discovered they would be deported, and Canadians will continue to be deported under the same circumstances until we play the same game, unfriendly and irritating as that game may be. Canada has attempted to look and act dignified in this matter, but a freezing from only makes the Yankees laugh and poke fun at us as being "old sticks" only fit to do road work in a back township.

As to "the advantage of confining the British preference to goods imported at Canadian seaports" being "questionable," let us admit it; the plan not having been tried, nor the arguments pro and con thoroughly weighed, it is questionable. A newspaper so able and sincere as the "News," however, makes a mistake in approaching a new question with arguments solely directed towards discrediting the movement. It has nothing to say about the advantage of Canada building up Canadian ports and the folly of doing as we have been doing, largely patronizing New York, Boston and Portland; it has nothing to say about the large terminal charges our freight has to pay in those cities, or the effect on Canadian trade and prestige of diverting our traffic to foreign piers. Furthermore, the chief point in favor of bringing goods receiving preferred tariff treatment to Canadian ports is not mentioned. Cars would come loaded from the East, and Ontario, losing perhaps slightly by being forced to take a more roundabout route and pay for a longer haulage by rail, would be a great gainer in the reduction of eastbound freight rates which would result. It would seem that Canada's dignity is involved to a greater extent in developing her seaports than in patting the hand of Brother Jonathan in a silly attempt to keep that hand from slapping our ears. The proposed policy is certainly not more irritating, undignified than that of the United States, where duties have been in existence—and I believe are now in existence—discriminating against teas, for instance, brought to a Canadian port, carried over a Canadian railroad in bond, and delivered to United States consumers. Countervailing duties are levied in the United States ports equivalent to the bounty paid on sugar by countries endeavoring to force sugar production, and this countervailing duty is the pattern upon which our anti-dumping tariff law has been framed. Doubtless any efforts to build up our own ports by attracting specially favored freight to them will irritate the United States. Canada irritated the United States in making a fuss about the Alaska award; we doubtless have irritated the United States by providing clauses against "dumping;" the fact that we have a tariff at all irritates the United States, who say we must be fools to keep good Yankee goods out of our country and use our own clumsy and crude productions instead. Every time a Canadian goes into the United States and accepts a situation he doubtless irritates somebody, and if it can be proved that he accepted the job before he left Canada he will be promptly deported. Canadians living in Windsor are not permitted to work in Detroit, and if in a large way we take our own part we will not be open to any charge of being petty imitators and carrying a sound principle to ridiculous extremes.

As to the suggested policy irritating Great Britain by "practically repealing by a subterfuge" the preference tariff and thus "exciting the contempt of British traders and manufacturers," the argument is unsound to the extent of being silly. If the circumstances of a British preference are changed, is it not quite possible to increase the preference and not be open in the slightest degree to the charge of using a "contemptible subterfuge?" As to "the adoption of the Logan resolution" being "the result of a partizan competition for the favor of a few hundred voters in the Eastern Provinces," the assertion is unworthy of a paper so pretentiously fair-minded as the "News." If the editor will take a really large view of the question he will find that he has been working on a very small amount of information and has been guilty of an editorial which reads very much as if it were a piece of special pleading on behalf of some importers. In reading the exhortations of the "News" "for the maintenance of peace and good neighborhood on this continent," and that "we owe it to ourselves and the Empire to which we belong to exhibit a large spirit in our international relationships, and to show that weak as we may be numerically, we are at least the equal of the American Republic in courtesy, dignity and fair dealing," one feels inclined to lean back and yawn out a plaintive "m-e-o-w."

WHEN the Ontario Legislature legitimized the Sturgeon Falls deal and gave the Roman Catholic Separate School Board taxes to which they had no legal right, a Catholic paper in Michigan approved of the action and said that this province had simply treated their denomination as if Roman Catholics were "human beings." At that time I called attention to the fact that the Roman Catholic press of the United States was the most bitterly anti-British of all the blatant and tail-twisting journals of a country which dearly loves to hit Great Britain a good hard kick. The "Catholic Sun" of Syracuse, N. Y., is a good example of the tone adopted by the press of that sect in the United States, where the Church receives no special privileges whatever and has never had a President. In commenting on the visit of the Queen's Own to that city on the Fourth of July—Independence Day—after recalling the alliance of the British soldiery with the "savage red men of the forest," it remarks:

"Whoever is responsible for this breach of good taste and good judgment should be taught that American public sentiment is disgusted with this pusillanimous, unpatriotic and imbecile action. No British soldiery have any right in any Independence Day celebration in any country under the sun—and least of all in an American one."

"We regret sincerely this form of insanity and hope the future will bring no repetition of it. Let all Americans, ever and always, celebrate in an appropriate manner the Fourth of July, never forgetting the full and complete meaning of the day, and being ever mindful of the nation who tried to wrest from us our independence."

"We understand that many of our Irish societies were making preparations to participate in the parade, and we call on them to forego all participation in it."

"We expect the A. O. H. and the Knights of St. Patrick, who represent the militant spirit of the Irish race, to resent this insult to their feelings by remaining away from the parade entirely."

"We call upon every tried and true Irishman to refuse to march with 'Johnny Bull' or any of his soldiery. Possibly some one can tell us if this is the same 'Queen's Own' which the Fenians chased over the hills at Ridgeway."

The above neighborly remarks from a "religious" paper indicate how little the fairness of the non-Catholic majority, to the small Catholic minority, in this province is appreciated by the newspapers of the church which, having nothing to gain and nothing to lose in New York State—where it gets nothing—by being candid, blurt out their bitterness to British institutions in a way that should make every Canadian determine that hereafter those nurtured on this sort of pap

shall have no special advantages given them on this side of the line. The Church, in obtaining special privileges enjoyed by no other denomination, sourly insists that it is receiving nothing but its rights, and, in fact, teaches that if full justice were meted out the hierarchy would be permitted to sit undisturbed on the necks of the civil rulers. This sort of dogma and the swash that we get from the newspapers of this sect are utterly opposed to the development of free and British institutions, which should be the aim of Canadians rather than a thankless pandering to an arrogant, self-seeking and self-sufficient hierarchy.

WHEN a large sum was paid to ransom the missionary Miss Stone from the Moroccan bandits, I gave many reasons why those who not only clamored for the United States to pay the price demanded, but busied themselves in raising subscriptions, were likely to do permanent harm. While it would seem almost unpardonably cruel to allow a prisoner to be put to death because a ransom was not paid, the idea of establishing a precedent by permitting large sums to be extorted in this way was strongly pointed out as extremely dangerous. It was evident to those who thought of the morrow that the payment of fifty or sixty thousand dollars for Miss Stone's release was to make the kidnapping business a profitable one, such as was sure to be followed by lawless people everywhere. The recent demand of Raisuli, the Moroccan bandit chief, who kidnapped Messrs. Perdicaris and Varley, was but a repetition of the programme of the Macedonian cut-throats. The Sultan of Morocco, owing to the pressure of the United States, was forced to pay a large sum for the release of the prisoners and to make the brigand, Raisuli, governor of an additional seven hundred square miles of territory, reaching up to the gates of Tangier. Now that this has been done Raisuli is more insolent than ever and threatens the impotent Sultan and the foreign powers with blood-curdling vengeance if they disturb him in his new authority. He knows the Sultan can do him no harm, and he is dictating to the foreign powers

it seems reasonable enough, as they have so much farther to come, that they be given the later train. Last season conservative estimates placed the number of Muskoka tourists at about 30,000, and during the short periods when so many are going and returning the Grand Trunk is kept busy providing accommodation, which, it must be acknowledged, is now exceedingly good, the comfortable, modern equipment being an immense improvement on the old rattle-trap cars. It is unreasonable to resent what is only an apparent favoritism shown the Buffalo passengers, and indeed if Toronto people want to get their luggage properly sorted and checked without mistake they should send it down the night before, that it may be forwarded at midnight, for everyone who has seen the pile of camp fixings and supplies on the morning trains must recognize the necessity of giving the baggage people time to handle it. Nothing is so disheartening to railroad people, as was explained when "Saturday Night" made enquiries of District Passenger Agent McDonald, as for complaints to be made when every possible effort is being put forth to handle the traffic promptly and without causing inconvenience to the public. Toronto people can well afford to reserve their complaints for much more serious grievances, and if the criticisms are few they are irritating, while as a rule those who go to Muskoka are really quite enthusiastic over the treatment they receive from the railway, and have little to say about it.

THIRTY-FOUR and a half million dollars in United States gold coins is deposited in the vaults of the Dominion Government and the various chartered banks of Canada, and this gold, required to meet the demands for specie, as Mr. D. R. Wilkie, general manager of the Imperial Bank, at the recent annual meeting pointed out, should bear the stamp of a Canadian mint. It cannot be denied that so much foreign money, either stored or circulated in Canada, tends, as Mr. Wilkie urged, to "denationalize" a people in a manner similar to the singing of foreign songs, the reading of foreign newspapers, and the use of an alien



HIS THIRTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY.

Uncle Sam to Mother Britannia—"Ye'll have to do somethin' with that boy, he's gettin' too big and noisy."

by threatening to make fresh raids on Tangier, take European and American prisoners and put them to death, if the governments assist the Sultan to restore the order which has been upset to save the lives of the two "Amurricians." It is thus that bad example in yielding to such demands brings national trouble; as in the case of those who yield to blackmail, further and greater demands never cease.

REV. CANON CODY of St. Paul's Church, professor in Wycliffe College, was elected last Saturday Bishop of Nova Scotia, after a considerable contest in which the High and Low Churchmen of the Synod divided with some warmth and much persistence. Rev. Mr. Cody is one of the most popular clergymen in Toronto, and without doubt the ablest and most attractive Anglican preacher in this province. A man of learning, sincerity and unblemished life, he would have made an ideal bishop, but he declined the honor and told his congregation last Sunday morning that his duty and responsibility to the people of his parish prevented him accepting the distinguished position which had been offered him. Rev. Mr. Cody's action does credit both to himself and his profession. In speaking to his congregation he recognized that those who had so loyally aided him in twice enlarging the church had a right to expect him to remain with them. Had he done otherwise, it is to be feared that those who have so freely and enthusiastically supported him in his work might have felt that at the first opportunity to increase his worldly honors he had forgotten their affection and sacrifices, and deserted them. Too often a mercenary spirit is manifested by those who should be the first to show an example of gratitude and an appreciation of responsibility. Nova Scotia has missed a great bishop, but St. Paul's, Toronto, has retained a great preacher, an indefatigable doer of good, whose influence, particularly over thoughtful men and women, is of inestimable value in parochial work.

THE story that General Manager Hays of the G. T. R. has favored engineers from the United States for laying out the Pacific extension of his road, has apparently led some people to believe that the Grand Trunk system is managed more to please our "Amurrician" neighbors than for the convenience of Canadians. Complaints have reached me that the Muskoka express leaving here at 10:45 a.m. must be used by Toronto people, while the "Buffalo-Muskoka" express, not leaving until 11:30 a.m., is solely for the use of our "Amurrician" friends, and passengers from this city are not allowed to use it. The explanation is simple; the nature of the northern country makes it impossible to haul a train of more than half a dozen coaches, and the traffic is so great that two trains are necessary. We should always be glad to welcome tourists from across the line, and

the present combination excites. If the Government is too much in love with arrangements as they are, something can be accomplished by cutting down the rignarole now demanded into "Copyrighted in Canada," or something equally brief. It is about time for the annual kick from the printers and publishers for an amended copyright act, and probably they could be headed off for a year by this slight concession, though it is the author who feels sicker when he sees the fruit of his brain registered together with swine, bugs, and pests of all sorts.

THE men of the Maritime Provinces are those Canadians who in pursuit of a living off-times go out to sea in ships. These seafaring Scotch-Canadians are quite properly inclined to fly the Canadian flag, and even before the British Admiralty on Feb. 2, 1902, authorized Canadian vessels to run up the red ensign with the Dominion coat-of-arms on the fly, they occasionally got into trouble carrying what purported in Canada to be the flag of this country. Mr. Kaubach, Lunenburg, N. S., recently voiced in Parliament two complaints of bad treatment received by Canadian captains, not from foreign countries, but from British consuls in foreign ports. Captain Taylor, of a schooner of his own name, was notified by the British consul at Rio Grande do Sul, that he must not fly the Canadian flag, and warned that he would be fined if he persisted. The master of the ship "Canada" received similar treatment in the port of Bahia, Brazil. Mr. Kaubach asked that the Government communicate with the Imperial authorities requesting an explanation, and at the same time demanding for our flag the same degree of respect as that accorded the British ensign. Sir Wilfrid agreed to do this, but was afraid that he was not in possession of all the facts. The Premier is no doubt wise in waiting for full and accurate statements with regard to the incidents complained of, for to make complaint to the Imperial authorities without being well fortified with facts would be to put Canada in the whining posture of one who is continually "beefing" about something. If, however, any indignities have been offered to the flag our mariners have been led to believe is officially Canadian, let us be prepared to make a vigorous and enduring protest.

Complaints, however, that come from afar and from irritated mariners, as a rule need careful scrutiny. When I was in Montevideo about seven years ago the British consul told me a very amusing story of a big Nova Scotia sailing ship coming into that port flying what to the authorities of Uruguay was a strange flag. The port commandante came to the British consul in great rage, saying that he had been insulted on board a British ship, the captain of which had threatened to throw him overboard. It appears that the row was all about the flag, which was the Canadian emblem. When the commandante demanded to know from the captain what flag it was, the huge Nova Scotian who answered him told him he ought to know; if he didn't he wasn't fit for his job. Later on the captain stated that it was the Canadian flag and it was going to fly as long as he was in port, and as long after as he blankety saw fit. The commandante notified the British consul that he would have to seize the ship, and the late Mr. Grenfell, who was then acting, recognized that a Canadian ship would be in serious, if not irrevocable, trouble if once tied up at Montevideo. By dint of much persuasion Mr. Grenfell induced the captain to make an apology to the admiralty court, or something of that sort, after which he and the ship were released. As the captain and the British consul were leaving the room the big Nova Scotian stooped down and shamefacedly whispered to the British consul, "If I did make the apology, I didn't say it wasn't a damn good flag." I think I have told this story before, but it is so opportune it will bear repeating, as showing the Premier's good judgment in waiting for the facts—a caution justified by the performance of the captain, whose rugged Canadian pride I have always admired.

LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION BORDEN has given notice of his intention to make a speech on the Davis contract for the lighting of the Cornwall Canal. I hate to interrupt him before he begins, but what this country is hollering for is not a speech, but to have the contract cancelled, and the public men who made it, and those who made it over and made it worse, brought up with a jerk to tell why they did it, and punished for doing it. Incidentally the Government might explain how it is they have not undone it. What is needed is an investigation, not a speech. By the way, I almost forgot to ask why Mr. Borden has been silent so long. In his speech he might tell the story of the little boy who would not speak when his mother accused him of having raided the pantry. Next day when he indignantly denied having sneaked the pie "that Johnny took" his mother coaxed him with goodies to explain his remarkable silence. He then admitted that his mouth was so full of the pie that he couldn't speak.

IT is by no means unusual for clergymen to have a political "pull," and it is quite usual for them to look with disfavor on business being done on Sunday, yet Father Paradis rather puts his fellow-pastors to the blush by over-qualifying on both points. In many respects he is a peculiar man and is described by a staff correspondent of the "News" writing from Sturgeon Falls, as being prominent, owing to "a certain boldness of manner and speech that does not always sit gracefully upon one of the cloth. It is said that at his farm on Lake Temagami he has erected a chapel about forty feet square, which he has dedicated to Joan of Arc. There he invokes the intercession of the saint to keep the English out of the country." This suave gentleman got on the directorate of a railway company intending to build a line from Sturgeon Falls to Lake Temagami, by representations, it is said, that he had a "pull" at Ottawa. When the Occidental Syndicate was formed it bought out some of the provisional directors, among others Father Paradis, who got \$100, which was intended to extinguish any claim he had, but he now declares, so the "News" states, that he will "not stand by the bargain because the transaction took place on a Sunday," and has made this plea before the Senate Committee at Ottawa, and his action is commented upon as "the coolest and cheekiest transaction in a career that has abounded in interesting and striking incidents." It would be cruel to say that more than a very small percentage of the clergy turn their political pull to personal advantage, but it is certainly not unusual for them to use their political influence for the material advantage of their denomination. Further, it would be unduly harsh to suggest that the extreme Sabbatarianism of some of them is probably as elastic and materialistic as that of Father Paradis. The incident is given simply as a striking case of the length to which some clergies apparently think they may go and still keep their consciences unbruised.

M. R. DONALD McMASTER, K.C., of Montreal, well known in politics as well as in his profession, now Batonnier of the Montreal section of the Bar, has been moving for a simplification of the procedure of appeals to the King through the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. His address to the Montreal Bar, which has been endorsed by the Toronto Bar Association, sets forth many of the disabilities suffered by colonial litigants in being practically forced into being represented in London by solicitors and two outfits of counsel. He suggests that a couple of clerks in the High Commissioner's Office in London could, for a very small fee, do all that is done by the solicitor, who always manages to make out a big bill for doing practically nothing. He puts his case so plainly and so strongly, and his views have been so well endorsed, that no doubt the reform he proposes will be effected. Among other things which the non-legal mind finds hard to understand, one practice looms forth as particularly and amusingly out of date. Certain notices of appeal, presumably directed to litigants before the Privy Council, have to be posted at the Royal Exchange at Lord's coffee-house. This style of advertising lawsuits and that having to do with them is certainly quaint, but absolutely useless. This practice, Mr. McMaster explains, was made imperative

by a law passed in 1838, and was intended to catch the eye of ship captains about to sail for the colonies, who would probably run across the litigants and tell them that there was something doing in the Privy Council. It is rather funny that this sort of thing is kept up till the present day, for a ship captain sailing for Canada would be very unlikely to notice anything posted up at Lloyd's or to run across a Canadian litigant whose home was in Edmonton, Vancouver, Winnipeg or Toronto. Perhaps, however, the regulation is quite as applicable to the people of the present day as the sections of the Mosaic law which the extreme Sabbatarians would still love to have enforced.

It seems unreasonable that the members of the City Council, though they have had more than six months in which to do it, cannot get the new by-law regulating the construction of theaters into some kind of shape before the summer is over and the autumn engagements begin. The managers of all the playhouses in town are now ready to start in with their summer alterations, yet they are held back by aldermen who display signs of recovery from chronic paralysis only during the excitement produced by some great public calamity—or when elections are approaching. The Chicago theater fire was scarcely extinguished when our civic representatives fell over each other in their efforts to suggest and carry out a dozen or so plans for the protection of the theater-going public. People were sent around to all the houses to look at things and report what they saw and what they failed to see. On these things they were to report and recommend. They recommended—and something was going to happen at once. A few boards were tacked up across a stairway here and there, for what reason only the person who put them up seemed to know. That was the extent of the special protection offered the public as a result of the warning given by one of the greatest disasters of modern times. The by-law that was to change everything and make a theater as safe as a guarantee vault, has got stuck somewhere up at the City Hall, and no one seems to know when it is likely to be exposed to the examination of the citizens. Perhaps about the first of September, when the theaters get nicely under way with the new season's engagements, the protest it will be discovered, passed and put into effect. The by-law will then raise will be ample excuse for holding it over for another year, and things will go on in the same old way till we have a real tragedy at a playhouse where the audience has paid for something of a different nature.

GEORGE F. BAER, President of the Reading Railway, and head of the great Yankee Coal Trust, is one of those by no means rare persons who place the responsibility for anything of a particularly mean nature they may chance to do, on the Lord. It will be remembered that during the coal strike of two years ago Mr. Baer publicly stated that Divine Providence had expressly appointed him to conduct his business and that of his associates in the ruthless manner which characterized the operations of the mine owners. Now he comes out with another piece of guile of the same kind. But this time he doesn't seem quite so sure that the Lord is altogether right in letting him have things so much his own way. Of course he refrains from criticism of Divine Providence. He merely refuses to express an opinion of the rights or wrongs of the case. He modestly claims that when the coal roads, "like any other good merchant," charge all they can get, "the Lord is responsible." Mr. Baer is no humorist. He expects his remarks to be taken seriously. Doubtless he also believes what he says. The Piarisee is always his own easiest dupe. But the chances are the Lord has mighty little to do with the Coal Trust—which Mr. Baer will probably find out some day when the responsibility for his acts falls back on him with a bump.

SORDID indecency and morbid curiosity have reached their highest state of development in the United States. The terrible "Slocum" disaster, in which over one thousand persons met sudden death, was not considered sufficiently tragic to command the respect of the enterprising money-chasers of Worcester, Mass.—they planned to turn the catastrophe into a show, and charge an admission fee of the yellow element of the Worcester population who would tumble over each other in their efforts to dig out a new sensation. Lake Quinsigamond, Mass., was to be the theater in which the "realistic" reproduction of the burning of the steamer and her human cargo was to be given. A real boat was to be employed, and real fire, the only change from the usual production being the substitution of dummies for men, women and children who were roasted or drowned on the "General Slocum." Doubtless if real humanity could have been purchased for the show the managers would have secured them—and the public would have scrambled all the more madly for front-row seats. Luckily the manager of the Lake Quinsigamond Steamship Company got busy and so upset the plans of the promoters that the whole thing had to be dropped. We are in the habit of looking back on the Romans with horror when the persecutions of the early Christians are mentioned; we hear people express their wonder that a seemingly refined people—especially women—could play the part of spectators while other human beings were burnt.

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Notice is hereby given that a half-yearly dividend for the six months ending June 30th, 1904, at the rate of five per cent. per annum has this day been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of the Company, and that the same will be payable at the offices of the Company On and After July 1st, 1904. The Transfer Books will be closed from June 20th to June 30th, both days inclusive.

T. P. COFFEE, Manager.
Toronto, June 8th, 1904.

hacked apart with swords, or torn into fragments by wild beasts; yet there is little reason to doubt that the same kind of performance would be quite as well patronized to-day if our laws permitted their presentation. For pure yellowness this proposed "Slocum" show can hold its own with pretty nearly anything Nero thought out in his most active days of circus management. Let missionaries stay out of Africa for a while and turn their attention to civilizing the savages of Worcester, who would re-burn and re-drown in effigy, for the sake of money, a thousand unfortunates, many of whose bodies are not yet buried.

THE committee and the Board of Control, after much geing and hawing, backing and filling, shunting and butting about, recommended what Commissioner Fleming asserts is the worst site yet mentioned for the Carnegie Library—the one in Elm street and University avenue. Quite properly the Council referred the matter back, and "things is as they was." The Library Site Committee had perhaps better do a little practicing out on the Don trying to select a dam site.

HUMANITARIANS are of course writing to the newspapers bitterly denouncing the brutality of the law and of Albert Joyce, a London, Ont., laborer, who, charged with neglecting to send his son to school, in court was given twenty-four hours to decide whether he would pay a fine or administer a whipping to his twelve-year-old boy who had been persistently playing hooky. The father felt too poor to pay the fine, and the Trust Officer furnished him with a heavy rubber strap two inches wide, eighteen inches long and a quarter of an inch thick. He applied the strap to the boy's hand four times, then laid him over his knee and gave him from forty to fifty whacks in a neighborhood where all of us have perhaps received impressions. The law does not allow the police to whip truants, but provides for the administration of such punishment by the parents in the police station as an alternative to paying a fine. The lusty London laborer promised the magistrate to give his son a good one, and he evidently attended to the job properly, the Trust Officer finally interfering. A whaling of that kind must do a persistent truant much more good than the infliction of a fine on a parent who is apt to feel the cost, while the boy is not liable to be hurt by it or properly punished at home. This is the first case of the kind I have heard of, but it has the tinge of old-fashioned methods about it which I can better appreciate now than I could forty years ago. Solomon, it is said, was wise, and he strongly favored this sort of medicine.

THE "St. James' Gazette," in discussing the question of emigration to Canada, says: "Canada contains great fields of possibilities, but for our educated classes these will not lie in the direction of work which a farm laborer can do just as well." The editor of the "Gazette" might have gone further and said, "which a laborer can do much better." It is the working man that Canada needs, whether we call him laborer, artisan or educated gentleman. The country has the ideal that, because he is an Englishman and educated, lucrative positions will be created for his special benefit. The only reason why the educated English classes have not turned out satisfactory on this side of the water is to be found in their unwillingness or inability to make themselves as useful as ornamental. Some of the specimens we receive unquestionably add a picturesque touch to the landscape; but Canada has not yet reached a state where she can afford to abandon productive work to collect curious and expensive human bric-a-brac. Any one coming to Canada with a desire and the ability to work will have little difficulty in finding something to do—and the better his education, the better are his chances of obtaining desirable employment. But if he has the idea that work is degrading—a thing only to be performed by the lowest classes, and humiliating to a gentleman—the only place for him is 'ome, where misguided parents and credulous tradesmen support people who hold these conveniently elastic ethics. In Canada a man who loafs is a loafer—and no one is considered qualified for the position of manager of a great commercial enterprise nor even for a portfolio in a government on the grounds that his father's social standing was unquestionably enviable.

On Thursday evening a reunion was held at the Strolling Players' Club, where Mr. Conrad and Mr. Archie Sullivan were hosts.

The Mansfield engagement was a great treat to theatergoers on Monday and Tuesday night. The sombre Russian tyrant of Monday, Ivan the Terrible, who was a synonym for cruelty, was a convincing but not an appealing personification. Far otherwise was the ill-starred Karl Heinrich of Tuesday, whose brief freedom from the bands and cares of kingly courts in "Old Heidelberg" gave unaffected delight to a very fine audience. Mansfield's Karl Heinrich, chilled and hardened by suppression of every youthful, healthy impulse and temporarily freed by the little four months' sojourn among the students in the traditional atmosphere of the city by the Neckar, touched the sympathy of everyone who witnessed the play. The maid of the Inn, the pet of the students in their wildest frolics, the high-minded and innocent girl, even in great temptation, was perfectly played by Miss Ida Conquest, and there were many tearful eyes as the curtain slowly fell upon the parting between the princely lover, about to make the inevitable "marriage de convenance," and the staunch, if heart-broken, Austrian girl, who cheered him between her tears by assurances that his princess was "so lovely" and that it would be surely "all right." I have seen Mansfield in many a fine role, but never in one more perfectly convincing and artistic than that of Karl Heinrich. It needs to know the Heidelberg students personally to give fit praise to that impetuous classman, Graf von Asterberg, whose double I last saw raised on the shoulders of four enraptured Trinity men in old Dublin, and thus borne, very drunk, but very vocal and warlike, under the great stone gateway of dear old Trinity College, during the tercentenary celebrations. The audience on Tuesday evening numbered many smart parties in stalls and circle, and Mrs. Cox had a party in the stage box. Mr. and the Misses Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. Harry Hees, Mr. W. Goulding, Mr. Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Beatty, Miss Byford, Miss Cattanach, were a few sitting near, and the street was filled with carriages on the wait for smart groups.

The marriage of Mrs. Alison Crowell-Smith, sister of Mrs. George Dickson, and Mr. Arthur Jewett Trussell of New York, was celebrated in St. Margaret's College, (now vacated for the long holiday), on Tuesday afternoon at half-past two o'clock. It was a revelation of what ingenuity can do in transformation when the invited guests entered the College commencement hall, for by means of flowers and palms, and white and gold-hued draperies and swaths, the prim salon had been made into a little chapel, and the steps of the improvised chancel had been carpeted with white linen, the whole effect being indescribably sweet and pretty. Into this apartment the guests were ushered, through ante-room and hall profusely draped in Empire festoons, and rosettes of gold over white, and there Rev. Armstrong Black performed the marriage service. Mr. Thomas Flett of Montreal brought in his sister, the bride, and gave her away. She wore a very pale and delicate shade of blue crepe brocade, with lace collar and dainty white chapeau, and carried roses and lily of the valley. The color tone of the wedding was yellow, and the matron of honor, Mrs. Lord of New York, wore white and primrose silk veiled in white crepe de soie, and a pretty chapeau to match. Miss Alice Demorest, also a New Yorker, was bridesmaid, in embroidered mousseline over primrose silk, and white and yellow hat. Mr. C. Trussell, brother of the groom, was best man. Dr. Thistle, Mr. R. Merritt, Dr. Cummings of Hamilton, Dr. Mullin and Mr. G. Dickson, jr., were ushers. Little booklets with the order of the ceremony and the words of the hymns were given to the guests. The ceremony closed with a very beautiful quartette sung by Misses Larke, Tilson, McMurtry and Mrs. Tisdale. After this the bride and groom received congratulations on the beautiful lawn of the college, and many additional guests attended the reception. Dr. Armstrong Black proposed the health of the bridal couple in a very happy speech, saying that the defences of Canada would never be employed to resist such an invasion as the assembled company had just witnessed. The guests

enjoyed refreshments from a long buffet set on the lawn. Mrs. Dickson, always most admirable in the capacity of hostess, received the guests, and when the bride appeared for "goodbye" in a soft grey traveling costume, with an ecru hat with plumes, very hearty good wishes were sent after the happy couple by many friends. Mr. and Mrs. Trussell will reside in New York. A few of the guests were Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Miss Clark, Mr. Allen Magee, A.D.C., Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Alexander of Bon Accord, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. and Miss Jackson, Mrs. and Miss Matthews, Mrs. Andrews of "Whispers," Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. W. Davidson, Miss Thorburn, Mrs. and Miss Brouse, Mrs. and Miss Isabel London, Professor and Mrs. Baker, Professor Murton, Mrs. Flett, Mrs. and Miss Henderson, Mrs. Alton Garrett, Mrs. J. Scott.

A most brilliant wedding took place in St. Saviour's Church, Victoria, B. C., on Friday of last week, when Miss Laura May Dunsuir, fourth daughter of Hon. James Dunsuir, was married to Lieutenant Arthur Bromley, of H.M.S. first-class cruiser "Good Hope," son of Sir Henry and Lady Bromley, of Stoke Hall, Newark, England. Burleigh, the Dunsuir home, was magnificently illuminated and the festivities were kept up until after midnight, when the bride and groom embarked in Mr. Dunsuir's steamer "Lorne" for Vancouver en route to England.

The illness of Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick of Closeburn has caused anxiety to all his friends, he having been a victim of an attack of appendicitis, which had been threatening for some time. Mr. Kirkpatrick is a cadet of the R.M.C., and was brought home ill, and operated upon in St. Michael's Hospital early in the week. At the time of writing his condition was very satisfactory, and his physician, Dr. Herbert Bruce, was content with his progress.

The latter days of June saw some interesting weddings which rejoiced in fair weather for their celebration. Foremost for size and importance was that of Mr. Gerard Brackenbridge Strathly, only son of Mr. H. H. Strathly of Barrie, and Miss Mabel Theodora Kirkpatrick, only daughter of Mr. George B. Kirkpatrick of Coolmine. This very pretty event took place in St. Mary's Church, in Delaware avenue, at two o'clock, on Tuesday, the celebrant clergy being Rev. Anthony Hart, rector of St. Mary's, and Rev. W. H. White of Barrie. The decoration of the church was quite elaborate and artistic, and pink flowers mingled with white syringa and other effective blooms, in every cove of vantage. Bridal gates were erected across the main aisle, which were opened by two little nephews of the bride, Masters Douglas and George Kirkpatrick, who looked very bonny and smart in white suits. An arch spanned the foot of the chancel, where the bride and groom stood, and the whole scheme of beautifying was very well carried out. The choir, both the men singers and the ladies in surplices, and the latter wearing their college "trenchers," led the bride's procession, singing "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden" as they slowly marched up the center aisle, between a perfect parterre of summer loveliness in their very prettiest gowns. The two little flower maidens, Miss Marjorie and Miss Mary Kirkpatrick, nieces of the bride, in white mousseline and lace frocks, with white poke bonnets and airy baskets of pink sweet-peas, and the two bride-maidens, Miss Keefe of Ottawa and Miss Morris, cousin of the bride, of Petrolia, in Victorian gowns of white mousseline, painted with pink poppies, and very smart white poke hats, trimmed with rosettes of dull green ribbon, and carrying huge bouquets of pink sweet-peas, were the attendants of the bride, who, led by her father, Mr. Kirkpatrick of Coolmine, was the cynosure of all eyes as she gracefully swept by. The bridal gown was of soft white satin, in the plenitude of fabric of the mode of to-day; and a filmy veil of embroidered tulle fell from a little crown of real flower blossoms over the fair face and dark locks of the bride. Some handsome Limerick lace was prettily arranged on berthe on the bodice, encircling a transparent guimpe, and also as a fall from the puffed elbow sleeves. The bridal bouquet was a shower of lily of the valley and white roses, and the jewels a pearl necklace and pendant. Mr. Fred Biggar was best man. The ushers were Mr. Featherstone Aylesworth, Mr. Reginald Parmenter, Mr. Frank McCarthy of Barrie, and Mr. Harry Strathly, cousin of the groom. After the ceremony a reception was held at Coolmine, Mr. Kirkpatrick receiving at the entrance to the drawing-room and the bridal party being grouped further on. Mrs. Morris, the grandmother of the bride, was as ever the sweet and cordial hostess to friends old and new. The lawn was partially enclosed by a huge marquee, and thither came very soon the bridal pair, whose health was proposed by Professor Goldwin Smith, and drunk with enthusiasm. Coolmine looked very pretty on so fair an afternoon, and a photograph was taken of the bridal group by Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick before the bride slipped away to change her gown for the costume de voyage, a pretty Shantung silk frock, and a straw hat with white ribbons. Confetti and rose leaves were showered upon her as she left Coolmine, to which she will return after the "lune de miel" to reside. A particularly heartsome tone was noticeable at this wedding, where the large party included only the extended connections and old friends of the families of the bride and groom. A few of those were Mr. and Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Strathly, father and mother of the groom; Mr. and Mrs. Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Bird, both ladies sisters of the groom; Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith Kirkpatrick, Miss Ida Homer Dixon, Mrs. Harrison, who, like Mrs. Morris of Coolmine, is a great-grandmother ever young and in sympathy with the fourth generation, Mrs. Beecher and Miss Macklem, the Provost of Trinity, Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Arkell, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Laidlaw and Miss Laidlaw, Colonel and Mrs. Milligan of Bromley House, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Morris of Petrolia, Miss O'Hara, Mrs. J. Delamere, Miss Denison, Mrs. George T. Denison, jr., Colonel and Mrs. Septimus Denison, Miss Denison, Miss Louise Strathly, Mr. A. G. Strathly, Miss Gladys Burton, Mrs. Grant, Mr. and Miss Strathly, Colonel Grasset, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Bos of St. Mary's, Colonel and Mrs. Clarence Denison, Miss Denison of Sandhurst, Mrs. Denison and the Misses Denison of Rusholme, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mr. Alfred Wright, jr., (an R.M.C. cadet), the Misses Gibson, Mrs. Glackmeyer, Miss Harman, Miss Case, Dr. and Mrs. Hood, Mr. Burnett Laing, Mrs. Ambrey, Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, and a great many more whose names space fails to enumerate.

Congratulations to Mr. Gerard Strathly after his wedding on Tuesday, took the somewhat unusual form of wishing him "many happy returns of the day." Friends, however, were aware that it was the twenty-fourth anniversary of his birth, and mingled appropriate good wishes with their usual wedding felicitations.

The marriage of Mr. W. G. A. Lambe of Toronto and Miss C. M. Reid, daughter of the late Hon. Robert Reid of Melbourne, Australia, took place last Tuesday week in St. Margaret's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

The sudden death, from congestion of the lungs, of Mrs. Gosling, on Wednesday, overwhelmed her family and friends with sorrow. Her loss to them is irreparable, and everyone sends them kindly thoughts and sincere sympathy.

Mrs. Kelso of Chicago has been spending some days with her sister, Mrs. Rowan Kertland, who, on Monday, gave a small tea in her honor. Mrs. Gibson poured tea and Miss Sankey and Miss Crozier assisted.

Mr. and Mrs. Vankoughnet have taken the Hume Blakes' house in St. George street for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Kent have returned from St. Louis.

Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick entertained the bridal party after the departure of the bride, at her pretty home in Rusholme road.

Mrs. Harry Drayton and her family are going to England for the summer, where Mrs. Cawthra of Guiseley House, Mrs. Drayton's mother, now is.

Mrs. W. H. Pearson and her daughter, Mrs. Doolittle, sail to-day on the "Patricia" for a summer abroad.

Mr. Jackson, U.C.C., has gone to Switzerland on a mountaineering trip.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Gifford have removed from 703 to 729 Ontario street.

Mr. William McLeish has gone to Winnipeg to fill a prominent position in an important company.

Miss Dorothy Rutlan is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Armstrong.

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An Impromptu of Nemesis

"LEFFERTS, I ran across a plot for you over in Switzerland. Yes, thank you, I will. Good brand, this." After five years of newspaper and magazine work, Lawrence Lefferts had ceased to be sanguine as to the value of the copy which invariably followed the above statement. However, he concealed his scepticism under a patient smile, as he refilled the glasses of his two guests at a haphazard supper in his room in the Rue Vallette. That morning he had stumbled by accident on Horace Whitton, his old chum at Yale, and for several months he had had a propinquity friendship with the other man, Charles Barstow, whose studio was on the floor above. His landscapes had been widely noticed at the last Salon.

"Good!" he said. "Those cheroots are all right. Better try one, Barstow. Have one, Whitton? Now fire away, old man."

"It's a beastly tragic yarn," he began apologetically. "Perhaps I ought not to play kill-joy, but the experience has gripped me fiercely. It surely has dramatic possibilities."

"Go on, we'll stand for the tragedy," puffed Lefferts.

"Well, I met a chap this summer whom the devil has turned down," began Whitton. "Then I went back into the shadow, leaving the other men's faces in sharp relief under the light of a hanging lamp. I'll call him Brown. We met in Wyoming, where he was wheel train running from Interlaken up to Grindelwald. Either of you ever been there?"

"Queer!" said Lefferts, glancing toward Barstow, who answered tersely: "I have. Some time ago, though. Ripping valley."

"Barstow's best Salon painting was a Grindelwald scene," Lefferts exclaimed.

"Oh," said Whitton, stopping for another glass of wine. "Yes," he continued musingly, "ripping valley. Well, I found Brown had been settled on a ranch out in Wyoming ever since the Spanish War. He was one of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, built on stalwart lines, but now so thin that I wanted to put a tube in his mouth and blow him out where he belonged. We were both in for escaping fashion and the exasperating American-tourist voice, so we shunned the Baer and put up at a comfortable hotel filled with real Germans from Germany and patois Germans and French from Berne and the provinces. We entered into a partnership for climbing—convenient arrangement. One pays a lot of money to do some pretty hard work, but one pays less when one shares the guides. We got to know each other rather well in a surface sort of way, though the night we spent in the Gletschli Hut on our way up their show mountain, the Wetterhorn. When we were talking about the accident last summer when two Englishmen and their guides were killed by lightning the instant they reached the summit. Brown said: 'Whitton, I wish the lightning would do for me that way if you might escape.'

"What's up, Brown?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," he answered. 'At least nothing I can tell you to-night. But if anything should happen, send word to my sister that I laid me down with a will,' and then tucked me out of sight in that little cemetery down by the church."

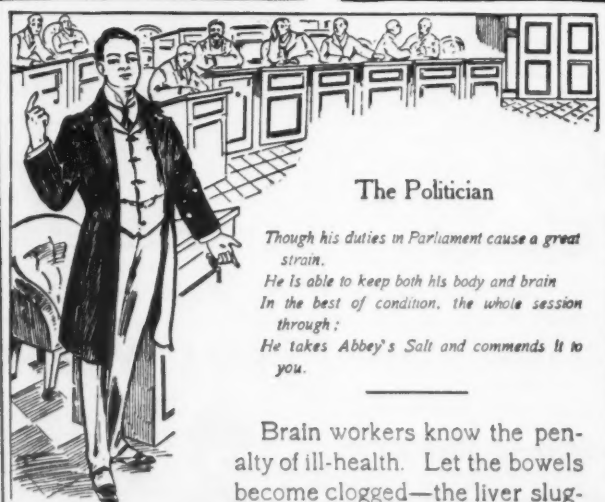
"Good Lord, man!" I said: 'cheer up! Don't be so damned morbid!'

"One's first big mountain is a great experience," he answered, "but I never knew about it in the morning, and postponed shuffling off till some less absorbing moment. But the day after the descent of the Wetterhorn, we climbed to the Aethliuh, and here the demon of unrest settled down on him again."

"Come, tell me what's the matter, Brown," I said. "We are partners for climbing: why not for this?"

"He hesitated a moment, and then began. He said he thought telling me of his trouble might make him feel better. Although he had not spoken of it since it happened, two years before, there had been no hour, waking or sleeping, when it had not sapped at his strength. He held out his thin arm, and told me he once had muscles like iron. Of course it was a woman, and, of course, she was the most wonderful creature God ever made. He didn't think he had much chance, but when he went to say good-bye before joining his regiment, they wandered out into the woods together and there confessed their love."

"The next morning they were married quietly at her home, at noon he left. He bore a charmed life in



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Brain workers know the penalty of ill-health. Let the bowels become clogged—the liver sluggish—the stomach upset—the blood impure—and that "tired, overworked" feeling steals over the brain.

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looked at me dully, not comprehending. "Mr. de Forrest?" inquired the parson, answered quickly.

"No, Russell. She married her cousin. The family did not approve him."

"Russell broke in, white to his lips: 'What did she look like—this Mrs. Russell? For God's sake, show me her picture if you can.'

"Fortunately that is possible," said the parson. "Excuse me one moment."

"While he was out of the room I passed my arm around Russell's shoulders as if he were a woman."

"Courage!" I said: "In a moment you will find it is all a hideous mistake."

"Yes, I know," he answered grimly, "but I've got to have the proof."

"The parson came back."

"She gave this little picture of their chaste to my wife the week before her death," he said. "Her husband is here as well as she." Without more words he passed the photograph to Russell.

"God! God!" he muttered, hoarsely, and I never want to see a worse face on a man. He plucked his pocket handkerchief and dabbed at his eyes. A table till the bit of cardboard fell from his unnerved fingers. Then he sank into a chair and hid his face in his hands."

There was another pause in Whitton's tale. He and Lefferts drained their glasses. Barstow sat, his eyes narrowed to pin-points, puffing enormous clouds of smoke toward the little Indian dog. "Of all devilish hard lots!" Lefferts finally ejaculated. "Go on!"

"Well, the parson told us all he knew. The man and his wife had come to Grindelwald two summers before, and taken the little chaste. It was evidently their honeymoon. They kept apart from English and American people, and lived what the parson called 'a little life of their own.' She clung to the man desperately as a latent disease won its way. He had the best doctors from Berne and Interlaken, but it was no use. In her awful fear of death she had sought the parson. She seemed to him she had some weight on her mind of which she could not bring herself to speak. At last he was summoned one night to find her most agonized. She was wild with grief. 'Pray, for God's sake, pray,' he kept crying, and the parson did his best to quiet him. As he told us the story his voice grew hoarse."

"Who is Arthur?" he demanded suddenly, and I pointed to Russell.

"I thought it possible," he continued. "At the very last when her husband held her in his arms, she said, 'Not to leave him, with the superhuman strength which comes to the dying she raised herself suddenly from his arms and called: 'Arthur! Arthur!' then fell back, dead. And I knew Arthur was not her husband's name."

"Russell was sobbing, his face still hidden. 'I'm going in here,' he said. 'I want to see the graves of those Englishmen and their guides. Do you mind?'

"I did, but I knew it was wiser to say nothing and follow Brown inside. It's a gruesome place. The garish metal and beaded wreaths are bad enough, but the human bones scattered about in the courtyard where the dead are the limit. We sauntered around, reading the curious inscriptions and stopping to take in the magnificent view of the Fischerhorn and the Untere Gletscher. When I heard Brown say in a voice that froze my blood: 'My God! Whitton, my God! look there!'

"My eyes followed his shaking finger and read on a tiny white marble cross only a woman's name, an English name: Ray de Forrest Russell."

"I thought Russell—I've given away his real name now, but it doesn't matter—I thought Russell would fall, but he saved himself by gripping my arm. For a moment he was dazed; then the Ray got on to my nerves."

"'Brace up, old man!' I said. 'It's only a ghastly coincidence.'

"The whole name is my wife's," he gasped. "There couldn't be two, could there?"

"Of course there could," I answered, "and we must prove it. Let's find the parson."

"He hesitated and explained that we wanted to ask about the stone."

"Yes, that dear young lady," he answered. Then he told us how sad death had been, just as winter was coming on. He had been falling all summer, and her husband's best efforts could not save her. In their perfect happiness they had had little room for outside, but the Herr Pastor and his wife had probably known them better than anyone else."

"He stopped abruptly and asked: 'Is she related to you gentlemen? You are English, too?'

"I began to feel queer. God only knows why. It sounded enough like mistaken identity. I explained that we thought it might be my friend's sister, as the names were the same. Russell

Enter the Brunette.

IT is universally admitted that there was once a time when an abundant colfure of golden hair was a thing without which no really self-respecting heroine was considered properly equipped. It was compared by the poetically-minded to the sun-kissed corn in August, to a sunset on the Mother of Wales, and by the less lyrically inclined to the yellow sands at Margate.

But it is a recognized law of nature that a demand creates a supply, and in due course there came along the fake-mustache and the fake hair, and the beautiful-eyed maiden (as mentioned by blind old Homer) was transformed into the peroxide lady, who has formed so conspicuous a feature of our so-called twentieth century. In the eyes of some, the peroxide lady was presumably a thing of beauty, if not a joy forever, and it is only fair to recognize the great amount of time and trouble which was involved, first in starting, and then in keeping up the golden halo which was the distinguishing mark of the Peri from the Peroxide Paradise.

But, alas! the weariful world is fickle, and wavers in its allegiance to even the most alluring fashion. The com papers and the low comedians took charge of the new shade of golden hair, until it began to require courage as well as time, trouble and money to acquire the tint which was the distinguishing mark of dwellers within the peroxide parades. Perhaps the most decisive blow to the popularity of the peroxide blonde was struck by the bland but veracious butler, who, in reply to the question, "Had the lady dark hair?" responded cautiously, "Well, she dark at the roots!"

At any rate, whatever the immediate cause may be, the blonde is beginning to realize the truth of the hymn which says, "Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day," and its dark-eyed beauty, and even more the medium chestnut girl (with soft grey eyes), is beginning to wake up to the fact that she is having a genuine innings.

Health Culture's Tension.

We live and move by counts of ten—Health culture's hopeful maids and men. We count when our waking eyes look out upon the world we rise. And fill our lungs with pure ozone, Delate, and then inflate again, Repeating in a measured tone: The tally, till we come to ten; For ten deep breaths are held the best To broaden and enlarge the chest.

Ten rubs upon the cranium Induce a lagging humor to come; Then up and down one puts the weights Until ten lifts he calculates; Ten circles with the Indian clubs; The folk-count ten, then haste to plunge Ten seconds in the waiting tubs, Then ten more seconds with the sponge; Ten minutes rubbing down, and then Into our clothes, by counts of ten.

At breakfast, which is nuts and fruit, Ten chews to every bite compute; Count ten before you take the next And eat with countenance unweaved, Then ten to do your daily toilet—Ten steps each time that you inhale, Ten to exhale—health culture's Hoyle Says such a system cannot fail. At work the most successful men Perform each act by counts of ten.

At luncheon, which is fruit and nuts, One counts to ten each time she shuts His teeth upon a healthful bite, Then ten to chew, and he's all right; Ten minutes' rest, then back to work, Reflecting on one's growing strength And how the little muscles lurk Until by tens they bulge at length. When work is done—we ride home then, But pay our fares in counts of ten.

A dinner—which is nuts and fruit, Arranged in heaps of ten to suit— Then we may settle down to rest. Ten pages of some healthful creed; Ten minute stunts of exercise We take with bells and clots again, Until the clock, health culture wise, Is heard serenely striking ten. 'Tis then we lock and bolt the doors And woo our ten health culture snores.

Gift From English Royalty.

The Princess of Wales, whose pet name with the English is "The Princess of the Poor," has sent to a young woman in Chicago, Miss Florence Cole, a beautiful photograph of herself and the Prince, framed in Australian sandal-wood.

Miss Cole was visiting Melbourne when the Prince and Princess of Wales were here and had the good fortune to meet them at a luncheon given by Lady Tennyson. Miss Cole sketches beautifully in water colors, and also is an authority on jonquil flowers, two things that the Princess of Wales is proficient in, and as the Australian floriculturists were congratulating themselves on a new, very full and graceful "paper" daffodil, in which the Princess was interested, she showed her pleasure in meeting a young woman who was sympathetic on her favorite subjects.

The photograph of the Princess shows her standing, robed in a robe of white Indian lace, one of those

Two Steps.

The Last One Helps the First.

A sick coffee drinker must take two steps to be rid of his troubles and get strong and well again.

The first is to cut off coffee absolutely.

That removes the destroying element. The next step is to take liquid food (and that is Postum Food Coffee) that has in it the elements nature requires to change the blood corpuscles from pale pink or white to rich red, and good red blood builds good strong and healthy cells in place of the broken down cells destroyed by coffee. With well boiled Postum Food Coffee to shift to, both these steps are easy and pleasant. The experience of a Georgian proves how important both are.

From 1872 to the year 1890 my wife and I had both been afflicted with sick or nervous headache and at times we suffered untold agony. We were coffee drinkers and did not know how to get away from it, for the habit is hard to quit.

"But in 1890 I read of a case similar to ours where Postum Coffee was used in place of the old coffee and a complete cure resulted, so I concluded to get some and try it."

"The result was, after three days' use of Postum in place of the coffee I never had a symptom of the old trouble and in five months I had gained from 145 pounds to 163 pounds."

"My friends asked me almost daily what wrought the change. My answer always is, leaving off coffee and drinking Postum in its place."

"We have many friends who have been benefited by Postum."

"As to whether or not I have stated the facts truthfully I refer you to the Bank of Carrollton or any business firm in that city where I have lived for many years and am well known."

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Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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"We do not tire of it," says Mrs. T. Reid, Southampton, Ont. Aside from the merit of the cereal, your grocer will show you a coupon which is redeemable in every 15 cent package. These coupons, for the balance of the year, can be redeemed in heavy silver-plated tea and dessert spoons, handsome sugar shells and butter knives. The coupons give full information and directions concerning the premiums.

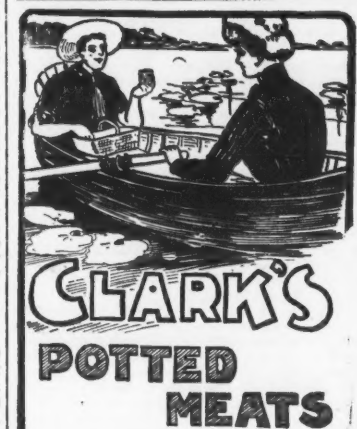
Mr. C.—What are you crying about, my dear?

Mrs. C.—I have just been reading the old love-letters you sent me before we were married.

Mr. C.—That's funny. I was reading them myself the other day and they made me laugh.

gowns of royal tenure which come to royalty every year and which resemble ivory carving. Prince Eddy is standing by her side in a sailor's dress of white serge and blue collar. The photograph has all the charm of a house view of the Princess and is less conventional than those to which the public is accustomed, for of course this, being a private gift to an individual, will not be published.

Unlike the stories about her, the Princess of Wales is neither stiff nor haughty. She has grown more conventional as the years bring her nearer to her possible occupancy of the throne, and those "in the know" say she has always wished to be Queen of England. But privately her friends say she is the same amiable, lovable, charitable woman she was when as a girl of 14 she would carry flowers made by herself into posies to the hospitals and the almshouses to the sick and to the poor.



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THE INSIDE INN.

BY you friends who have lived long enough to have seen the first World's Fair in Philadelphia, the worth and superfluities in such exhibitions will have been truly estimated, and the interest will be real what is worthy, while only a glance will go to the rest. Not so, however, but evolution will be the thing you consider. The fair at St. Louis has the true "American" ambition to be the "biggest"—but it has it in a breezy Western way that does not offend. What is brag in the boudoir is natural loud-voicedness on the prairie, and the sweetest thing about the St. Louis Fair is the breadth and clearness of its atmosphere, the naïveté and absence of commercialism, the lack of sordidness, the charm of the frank unconventional West, with the deliberateness of the South. This subtle difference delights the spirit a bit blase of "fairs" and will be accepted as a fillip to the jaded appetite and an added charm to the palate which, tastes for the first time the flavor of this world's pot-pourri. Forest Park, St. Louis, was, three years ago, a place of silent glen, shaded woodland and slow purling stream. To-day one-half retains its sylvan quality, while on the other stands the first great wonder of the new century. The little Pan at Buffalo was not a wonder, but a pleasant toy. Its pretty lights and dashing cascade and noisy Midway and scorching days are trifles, an episode of enterprise between the Great White City on Lake Michigan and this immense thing in Forest Park, around which is an impassable fence, to be a Sabbath day exasperation to mankind, for the Fair was pronounced "shut" on Sundays by act of Congress. Just within the fence winds an electric railway, going here and there among the outermost exhibits as accommodatingly as if it were built in Prince Edward Island. For a time one circles around the 1,200 acres of this wonderland, and sees in adding succession wild Indians, mining camps, Filipino settlements, "Jerusalem," the Boers, with the stonewall, old Cronje, the English, in their tortoiseshell combs and wrap-about garments; silent Indian servants, in white turbans and snowy robes, lifting behind the carved palaces of their Indian temples; the bit hoosie of Bobbie Burns, thatched and dimly-curtained, cheek by jowl with the Orientals aforesaid, and presently the subdued but mirthful glories of the pike. "Air you uns going down the pike?" says a soft, drawing voice, and one recognizes how apt is the local name for that turnpike of topsy-turvydom. It is a rather quiet pike as yet, full of lazily going and coming. One misses the "walla-wall" of the honey waffle man and the many draperies of the denizens of Cairo's street, which used to flutter continuously at Buffalo and Chicago. Although three men were shot down the pike last week there isn't the babel and bustle which obtained in former Midways. I never saw a better behaved and more orderly fully decorous crowd than strayed up and down. It must be temperment. Down at the far end an Irish village, which knows not Aberdeen, is built. There is old Grandpa McKim's house, in Ireland, a quaint cot, interesting to the majority of the sightseers of the Republic, and there is a pretty theater where it was essayed to represent those folk plays Yeats told us about last spring, but they did not "catch on" with the West, and some cheap little vaudeville is substituted with Mr. Twohey, the real Irish piper, and a party of real colleens and boys who dance the agile and decent old Irish style. We had a little hour in that theater while a matronly young person with a sweet voice sang the "Wearing o' the Green," and a fat red-faced man wept copiously beside us, which was really quite unnecessary, as the thunderstorm outside was gently dropping on our best hats through the flimsy roof. The only thing which seemed to mar the effect of that little Irish theater was the abundance of star spangled banners that floated about. That flag, like the belt-clasp of a stout lady I know, never keeps its place.

One evening I went forth all alone (one should be all alone or with one congenial spirit) to wander about the huge grounds while the soft light of thousands upon thousands of bulbs filled the night with a soft, rippling glow, neither sun, moon nor starlight, a glow one always associates with these exhibitions, gentle, warm, satisfying. What was three months ago a dump is now the enchanting sunken garden in the midst of magnificent buildings—the Liberal Arts, with its deep delicious tinted frieze of soft rose color, and all the others, vast, silent, cream-colored, threaded with beads of mellow golden light. Flights of steps lead up from the sunken garden to the buildings on the heights, steps which now shine and glow in a wonderful ascent. I illuminated in some cunning way through their vitreous scale and ever-changing in their tints. Fancy a flight of shimmering golden steps, a real via gloria, with a fairy parade away up on the edge of the hill at their summit, and while you gaze fascinated at their inspiring loveliness, with all its suggestion and uplifting, they change and lo! a blood-red way glowing deep and cruel, till the soul of you shrinks and the eyes turn protesting from the shaking flood of carnage. Look again, and it might be the light of Undine shining upon the stairway, for it beams faintly, sweetly, palely green! As I walked and watched, I realized that I was absolutely alone in the sunken garden. From afar was wafted the song of the gondoliers as they swayed to the oar. "Fillouli-fulula," and then the burst of chorus from the merry crowds who floated on the quiet lagoon. "Jammie, jammie, onward now we go." But in all the long expanse of the sunken garden was no living soul—and it was but half-past eight of the sweet, enticing, exquisite Southern night. Just at the end of the Adamless Eden sat a pair of lovers—the man bending over the loveliest Southern face in the world, its dark eyes glowing, and its sweet mouth half smiling at his low-toned words. And I stole away and left them in Paradise, glad that for their love-making they had chosen this perfect environment.

"Come and walk on the grape nuts," said the man, and I turned from the sod to the pathway, made of baked Missouri clay, crumbled, red-brown, and so porous that the heavy rain had in fifteen minutes soaked out of sight. "Shall we go back to the 'Inside Out' for dinner?" (So do the profane call the caravansary which lies within the encircling fence of the Fair.) "Do let us try the Vienna Cafe and hear the Hungarian band." I pleaded, and we did, ordering up the national "cheff-d'oeuvre" musical and gastronomic great content. It was a success, that meal. Had not more graphic pens than mine already done the trick, I

should wallow in superlatives anent the "Inside Inn," which is perhaps the most wonderful of its class on earth. Corridors, eight miles in extent, bordered on either side by cubicles, ten-by-twelve and over, encircling innumerable tiny ones in some of which have been left the huge forest oaks of the erstwhile park; corridors, corridors, corridors, dim, narrow, long to distraction, form the Inside Inn. My room was No. 432, and they were nearly two thousand higher figured! Ceiled with green painted canvas, papered in deep cool green, shaded with boughs of living oak foliage, where birds built unawed and sane insouciant, it was a cool little nest of a place, and if you want sweet sleep, commend me to the pine needle mattress which smells so sweetly of pine, each all-too-short night. Each end of each corridor gives upon the open air with steps and balconies, and planted square across the exit stand a comfortable white arm chair and a big ottoman. In the chair sits a slim khaki-clad youth, who divides his attention between the spittoon and the dim long corridor. There are no bells to disturb the peace of the Inside Inn, but beside the door of your cubicle you see a cord hooked on a knob. A little higher up on your door frame are other knobs, and to bring the boy you simply raise the hook to one of these knobs, when a semaphore falls from your transom across the corridor and the boy obeys its silent beckon. The comfort of his quick response to this primitive signal somewhat reconciled me to the fact that my room was just a quarter of a mile from the office, main entrance and dining-room, which that dining-room! There was the perfection of system, the plethora of good, wholesome food, and considering the usual exhibition tariff, the modesty of charges! Fancy, if you can, five hundred hungry people dining at one time without more than half the delay of our restaurant service. And fancy the relays mounting in cafe and dining-room to the kitchen, and the system of perfect service as one can get. I am not under the smallest obligation to tell of the merits of the place, but as one who has often suffered from want of them, I gladly note what pleased me. When dinner was over it was a sight to see the whole community empty the rotunda, and dragging chairs and rush chairs growling and selves on the enormous boarded plateau before the deep verandah. There, rocking and resting before the evening sortie, were men from all States, Dominions, Kingdoms, Empires—the smart Italian and his slim wife, the portly German, the delicate Oriental, the courtly attaché from Paris, the Vancouverian, the Texan, the Canadian, in all the glory of a delegates' badge; twang from Vermont and drawl from Louisiana—it is well worth a trip to St. Louis to find a World's Congress like this, and rub elbow with manners and customs diverse and divergent.

"Oh, they are just the same every time," said one weary woman, speaking of the exhibits within the buildings, but they are far bigger and better at St. Louis than I have yet seen. And in the nature of change, they interest. King Edward's sumptuous traveling railway coaches were in the Transportation building. I sat in one train car, when I went to a nest of dove gray velours and silver gray brocade, crystal observatory and luxurious boudoir in one—a triumph of comfort in which the London & North-Western took proper pride. And old shut-in China has opened out with a perfectly wondrous exhibit, illustrating with dogged self-esteem her weird, quaint method of making a hardy trader. There is an elephant tusk, many feet long, sent by the Emperor, which consumed the labor of three lifetimes of perfect skill to carve. When you see it you'll know why. It expresses with its conviction of exquisite patience and delicate skill. There are all the ebony cabinets, splendid furniture and soft hued silks and embroideries you want to see in a lifetime, fans by the hundred, and so forth.

The Japs are simply ubiquitous. I don't know how many exhibits they have, but they are everywhere, neat, ing, courteous and to the front. "You are great fellows, in peace and in war," said one. "And I hope you'll lick the life out of Russia." The little man looked shocked, his head bowed, and he said, "I hope so too," he said, but he did not seem a bit sure of it.

The best thing at the Exhibition, even apart from its interest to Canadians, is the Boer war spectacle. An immense piece of land has been fenced (equal probably to half of our Woodbine race course) and a grandstand erected. On the left, a huge and enough scenery to carry the illusion, are the Tugela and some other bits of Boer land. Buller and his men do the first act. Then, lo! from the roof of the grandstand a curtain falls and shuts in the audience while the veils are set for the next scene. It was we who were behind the curtain, and it had a funny effect. A band plays at the back of the stand and the curtain rises to show the veiled and Paardeberg. Canadians find this a winner, and as the siege of old Cronje and his men proceeds, as a side show, the Boer war spectacle, the interest grows, because it is very realistic and because one knows that though Buller and Roberts are the Boers, the real old Boer war fighter Cronje will presently appear in person. He comes last, tramping across the veiled, between long lines of khaki troops, among whom were originally our own boys of Toronto. When he slouchingly pulled off his old straw hat to Lord Roberts, here and there in the big audience a man arose and yelled. Two yellow-haired women called yelling. They were stared at by some, laughed at by others, and smiled at by the rest. Old men who were hard of hearing and had gotten a bit mixed, tried to tell the man that he was a woman call yelling. They were stared at by some, laughed at by others, and smiled at by the rest. Old men who were hard of hearing and had gotten a bit mixed, tried to tell the man that he was a woman call yelling. They were stared at by some, laughed at by others, and smiled at by the rest. Old men who were hard of hearing and had gotten a bit mixed, tried to tell the man that he was a woman call yelling. They were stared at by some, laughed at by others, and smiled at by the rest.

tain happenings of which I have lately heard, its advent came none too soon. Among press women should obtain a loyalty and a charity and consideration which no circumstance could possibly affect. And with such women as the gifted president, the brilliant vice-president, one of the finest types of French women, and a loyal rank and file, the Women's Press Club is bound to be a power in journalism. My non-membership is not at all due to lack of interest or non-assurance of worth, but from purely personal reasons which have nothing to do with the club, and which for the present influence me. My best wishes are respectfully offered to my dear friend "Kit" in her new dignity, and as for Mile. Barry, she is already queen of my heart in its French section, and has my joyous congratulations.

"Mes compliments aussi" to the good magnates of the great railway for so practically demonstrating to me how easily and speedily one may travel to the St. Louis Exposition. It was a pretty attention to Canadian journalists, that trip to St. Louis, and one amply appreciated. None of the party but has pleasant gratitude to our C. P. R. for their kindness.

LADY GAY.

The Postmaster Grows Emphatic

Believes Dodd's Kidney Pills the Right Medicine for Kidney Trouble.

T. H. Belyea, Postmaster of Lower Windsor, N.B., endorses an Opinion Popular in all Parts of Canada.

Lower Windsor, Carleton Co., N.B., June 27 (Special).—T. H. Belyea, postmaster here, has come out with an emphatic statement that is heartily endorsed by the great majority of people of this district.

"I believe," says the postmaster, "that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the right medicine for Kidney Trouble and will do all that is claimed for them."

"I had been bothered with Kidney Trouble for years and tried several kinds of plasters and other medicines but did not get much lasting benefit. Then I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and would say they seem to have made a complete cure, as I feel as well as ever I did."

There are numerous people prepared to make statements like that of Postmaster Belyea, but the case of Kidney Trouble which Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure has yet to be reported.

Salada Ceylon Tea.

P. C. Larkin, the Tea King of America.

Last year there were only 13,000,000 pounds of China tea consumed and 240,000,000 pounds of Ceylon and India tea, which goes to show the increasing popularity of Ceylon tea.

Briggs—That was a pretty hat your wife had on last Sunday. At least my wife said it was.

Briggs—Yes; and it all came from my absent-mindedness that she got it.

Briggs—How's that?

Briggs—When I went home the other evening, thinking very intently about business, as I often do, I found my wife in the kitchen. Now, what did I do but hand the steak I was carrying to my wife and kissed the cook! Of course she knew it was all a mistake, but—oh, well, you know what women are.

Briggs—Yes.

"Well, did you get anything?" queried the big tramp of the little tramp who the latter rejoined him after calling at a house close by.

"No."

"How's that?"

"I made a blunder."

"In what way?"

"Why, I told the woman I hadn't tasted beer for three days, and before I could change it for bread she had whisked for the dog and yelled for the police."

Jonah was relating the whale episode.

"No," he remarked, "I didn't mind it a bit; it was just at the time my wife was cleaning house."

Whereupon they envied him his happy refuge.

Lively 70.

Right Food Makes Young of the Aged.

When one is lively and a hard worker at this age there is something interesting to tell and the Princeton lady who has passed this mark explains how her wonderful health is due to the food she eats.

"I am past seventy years of age and up to five years ago suffered terribly with chronic stomach trouble, heart disease, and was generally as weak as you will find sick old women of 65. At that time I began to use Grape-Nuts food and from the very first it began to build me up. Soon I came to a condition of perfect health because I can always digest this food and it is full of nourishment. All my heart and stomach troubles are gone. I soon gained between 15 and 20 pounds and have never lost it. I can now do a hard day's work."

"Certainly this is the greatest food I ever struck. It gave me strength and ambition and courage and I try to do all the good I can telling people what it has done for me. Many of my neighbors use it and are doing fine."

"I had the grip the latter part of the winter and for four weeks ate absolutely nothing but Grape-Nuts and came out of the sickness nicely. That will show you how strong and sturdy I am. Truly it is wonderful food to do such things for one of my age."

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Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each package.

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The outward general appearance of a brewery is a true indication of the methods followed within.

Carling's brewery is clean, tidy and always well kept—no cobwebs, murky corners, dusty shelves, tainted malt, sour kegs, etc., to be seen, as in common breweries.

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Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

Carling's Ale

The Ale that's Always Pure

A match does it

Why should you burn fuel a long time before you start your cooking and keep a hot fire going a long time after you're through? That is what you have to do with a coal range. With the

Oxford Gas Range

a match and a turn of the valve gives you immediate fire for boiling or frying. The same with the oven and broiler—they very quickly gain the proper heat.

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is common among business and professional men of sedentary habits or those subject to excessive mental strain.

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The Marvellous Peruvian Wine Tonic

is an excellent tonic for the digestive tract, and will prove most beneficial in all forms of Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

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"I VAN THE TERRIBLE," in which Mr. Richard Mansfield opened his "farewell" engagement at the Princess theater on Monday evening, is chiefly interesting because of the wonder that it excites in the mind of the spectator as to what Mr. Mansfield saw in the piece to encourage him to produce it. As a piece of literature it might make very interesting reading, as a chapter of Russian history it is instructive, but as a play it is disappointing to a degree. In fact it is not a play at all, for the essential elements of drama are almost entirely lacking. There is no plot, no story; no one of the characters, with the exception of the somewhat melodramatic villain, Godunoff, seems to be trying to do anything. There is no development, no passion—the situations are exactly the same five minutes before the curtain goes down on the last act as they were at the end of the first. Yet one can see in the life of the terrible Ivan material for a powerful tragedy. By nature he was not destined to play the monster. In youth he was inclined to be studious and mild. But those under whose control he was brought up, abused, tortured and insulted him until they had converted a docile child into a revengeful cut-throat. Where could better material for the artistic delineator of character be sought? What could more strongly appeal to the intelligent student of human nature than the gradual development of a tyrant from a commonplace boy—by external influences? Yet Count Tolstoy, the author, has declined to make use of the materials furnished him by the history and history-makers of the sixteenth century. He employs no situation on which a drama could be based. The whimpers, ravings and gesticulations of a semi-idiotic old ruffian are in no sense dramatic—they are merely wearisome and vulgar exhibitions, revealing a character somewhat overdone, pre-digested as it were. How much more entertaining it would be to observe this character in the making!

What I have said of one character may be said of all. No one grows; no one does anything; no one seems to have any excuse for being on the stage. There are two or three female parts, but the ladies playing them have nothing to do but weep—which is done very well. Why the Empress should make such a fuss over being divorced from her baboon-like lord furnishes an opportunity for guessing. But let that pass—Katharine cut up in much the same manner when Henry VIII offered to set her free. These women! If this particular woman had any dramatic reason for putting in an appearance, one might forgive the eccentricities of her whole sex. But she has not. Her introduction makes one think that the author was convinced of the necessity of having petticoats on the stage, so he put them on without waiting to search for further excuse than precedent.

So much for the play. Now for the acting. That Mr. Mansfield is a good actor passes without dispute. But why he should drop his art and stoop to rant and buffoonery demands explanation or commands reproach. I was not on particularly good terms with Ivan myself, and it is so long since he died that I have forgotten the little I did know of his ways; but I don't believe that even in his most degenerate days he spoke with the strong nasal twang of a "down East" Yankee auctioneer trying to sell a second-hand "Buckeye" reaper. Yet this is the accent that Mr. Mansfield gives him, why I cannot say, for Mansfield himself makes no use of it in other parts, nor in his private speech. His idea, evidently, is to make the Czar terrible; but even with the aid of the twang he fails to accomplish his purpose. The character as depicted on Monday evening reminded me more of a modern comic opera king than of any mediaeval king or emperor with whom I have hitherto been acquainted. Besides Mr. Mansfield there is no one in the company whose ability or fame would attract attention. Mr. Arthur Forrest, as Godunoff, gives too much attention to his personal appearance to devote much time to a thorough examination of his part. Miss Ida Conquest is a competent actress, but she is given no chance to do anything in this play. The other members of the cast are quite good enough for their parts; actors of a high order would be unsuited to them. Altogether the play was thoroughly disappointing, but an honest failure is immeasurably better than the disgusting twaddle called musical comedy, which we had dumped on us in the earlier part of the season.

JAQUES.

A Reply to Ben Greet.

MR. GREET, in his letter to this paper last week, takes exception, it seems, to some of my representations regarding the creation of "Everyman." For one who professes to be amused therewith, his remarks are rather vindictive, one would say; though just why he should use the occasion to visit his vindictiveness on Mr. Kennedy is not logically clear. Did I strike some hidden mine?

Mr. Kennedy is just as innocent of any share in my opinions as Mr. Greet says he is of any part in the productions under his management. And I am quite sure that Mr. Kennedy would not care to be accused of either.

My knowledge of the matters in question has been gained far less indirectly than Mr. Greet seems to suspect, and if my representations differ from those he has been pleased to make to the public, well, the fault is not altogether mine. But, "there's the rub!"

I happen to know both the "Everyman's" to which Mr. Greet refers in his very unchivalrous (to say the least) attempt to minimize the creative part of Miss Matthison's work. And if Mr. Greet will say, over his own signature, that the "original performer" ("who was not at liberty" and who "has played the part continuously ever since") plays Everyman as she did before Miss Matthison's creation, I will throw up my hands.

Also, we are glad to hear that the Western tour was a great success, but really, was it not an injustice, then, to the other lady Mr. Greet names, to travel her under the misleading "Original Greet Company," using even illustrative matter in which Miss Matthison's well-known features

appear? Of course we all understand, or did, that the Elizabethan (?) programme is impersonal and forbids "starring." But the public of this country, barbarian as it is, is a trifle too sophisticated to allow a "star" of Miss Matthison's magnitude to be altogether dimmed by any such 'cave' moonshine.

With Mr. Greet's challenge to Mr. Kennedy I have, of course, nothing to do. But as to the "idea of teaching Miss Matthison to act," I thought God had done that for her in the beginning; and the only human, as far as I know, who has been bold enough to claim a hand in the work, is Mr. Greet himself.

J. E. W.



COME to think of it, we did take a chance when we started out with such a lightly built boat in such a sea—but after all, the greater risk the more zest there is to the sport. A sport without a chance of serious accident or result never does attract good Canadian blood, and besides, healthy, self-reliant chaps like nothing better than a stout tussle with the elements.

We had it!

We knew what we were up against a mile out, but there wasn't a thought of turning back.

Bang! went the five minute gun, and we're behind the pier shaking out a reef. Someone cut the boat free. The seas caught us broadside on and heaved us off bodily to leeward. A hundred yards away was the shore, with the white-capped rollers thrashing the beach with a warlike cannonading afar. We worked like beavers—that is, those who knew the game did—to make canvas before we went ashore.

"Up on your halliards, boys!"

Up the mainsail shot, and was cleated home.

"In on that jib a point."

In she came, but not a moment too soon. The sloop gathered way, right in among the breakers, and gradually edged off the dangerous lee shore.

Around we went and crowded our canvas aboard to make the starting buoy. The rollers sent her backing like a frightened crab. Again we had to start our sheets to move her through. We weathered the buoy and stood ready for the start, when we discovered that our chief opponent had shaken out his last reef.

"All hands to shake out the tuck."

The big flat-bottomed craft wallowed around in those seas like a barge in a Lake Erie storm. She took it over the bows, and shot it off in a cascade, over the stern.

Bang!

The starting gun, and the reef only half out. The outhaul was foul, and the boys trying to free it were knee-deep in water and half overboard occasionally.

"Cut it!" came an authoritative shout. A keen blade passed through the refractory knot and the full mainsail was hoisted away.

"Get the main sheet about," was the cry, and the big green boat plunged ahead. She bowed ceremoniously, and according to orders, to the starting buoy, and we were off on a cruising race to Oakville, in a stiff southwest wind and a heavy sea.

Around the buoy we shot, the last to get away. All our opponents, great and small, were ahead, but the canvas filled out with a sony wind, and we started up through the fleet like a house afire.

"Lay out, you fellows, and keep her on her feet."

The boys laid out, greenhorn and veteran, along her rail, a mass of living ballast. Down went her head into a big sea and she shot a hoghead over the lads forward. The "lobsters" tried to dodge, and moved inboard, but those who had been in the game yanked them back out on the weather rail and grinned through a watery curtain.

"Stay out, and take your medicine," they whispered.

Just then we wallowed by our first opponent, and over the streaming faces a smile broke.

On we plunged like a wild thing.

No. Two!

She passed astern, and we walked up on No. Three.

The seas still broke over those forward, but they never winced, and then No. Three went astern as if she were tied to something.

Happy! Yes, every inch. A ducky any day to win a race. It looked like "easy money" until we set off on the trail of the leader. She had a quarter-mile lead, and was bobbing along merrily, while we seemed sluggish. The skipper looked her over. The floor boards were afloat.

"Bail her!" he shouted.

One man seized a pail, and commenced to heave water overboard. After five minutes' hard work he passed the word that she was leaking as fast as he could bail.

How could she help it? We were pounding her hard into a heavy head sea, with every rag set. Every time she jumped a sea her planks worked until you could feel the throb under your feet. Another man went inboard to bail, and the rest of us kept her going. Some of the greenhorns looked a trifle inquiringly at the man at the helm as pailful after pailful went overboard, but his eyes were on the leading boat and



An Historic Tree in Rosedale.

This tree—a mere switch at the time—was planted by Amelia Jarvis on 24th of May, 1833, the anniversary of her birthday, and that of Queen Victoria, 24th of May, 1819. Photo taken May 24th, 1904. The tree measures 17 feet in circumference, about 85 feet in height, and its branches spread about 85 feet. Amelia Jarvis was the daughter of Frederick Starr Jarvis, son of a U. E. Loyalist, who, about 1815, settled in the wilderness four miles east of Oakville. He was afterwards Usher of the Black Rod in the Canadian Parliament.

The property on which the tree stands was recently purchased by Mr. Cawthra Mulock.

still the green fellow punched into those seas, and still they bailed.

We were crawling up slowly. The bailers were relieved and on we drove. Mile after mile we pounded and bailed, but that flying white boat up in front refused to come back one inch. In fact she seemed farther away. Cold and wet the boys hung out on the rail with never a whimper.

Comfort! Just let us catch the leader, and then we could struggle into oilskins, and dodge the cotton tops that the plunging boat ripped off and tossed into the air for the fresh wind to dash back into our faces. Away astern of us were a dozen sail, bobbing along in the rough going. The majority of them were craft under thirty feet in length, but all were making pretty fair weather of it, though it was wet going for the crews. Long Branch and Port Credit passed astern, but still ahead of us danced the tantalizing leader, now nearer, now farther away. The sun glinted on her silk sails and white hull, making a vivid picture against the white-streaked green water that we could not help admiring, despite our disappointment.

Just beyond Port Credit a wave of warm air struck us.

"Look out for a squall," shouted some one, but before we could move it hit us hard from a new direction, and over she went. The jib was cleated down—a mistake which has sent hundreds to the sailors' happy hunting grounds—and hauled her into it broadside. Down she went, and the green water crawled up her yellow deck. Everybody climbed out upon her side. Even the skipper abandoned the stick and laid out to help keep her upright. His feet were jamming the stick hard over, and he shouted like a fiend: "Let go that jib!"

His language was calculated to distract the delinquent man's attention from the dangerous list of the boat and transfer it all to the jib sheet. Just as she rolled down, until a hoghead of water came into her cockpit, the jib flapped fiercely and she righted herself, with such speed that the crew hung tumbled over to weather. No time was wasted in congratulating ourselves on our preservation from disaster, for it was blowing a small cyclone.

"Haul in the jib!"

It came in, and down she went again.

"Ease a bit."

The jib was eased a bit and away we drove under the fierce puff. She traveled like a runaway meteor for a moment and all was well. Suddenly there was a sharp twang. The skipper had been there before. Down went the helm like a flash, and around she went on the other tack. Her port shrouds had carried away and we were crippled. We had no hope of catching the leader now, and there was the third boat close up.

It looked black. The lightest man went forward, and hanging on by his eyelids, the water submerging his head from view, as he toiled to make the spinnaker halliard fast on the side stay ples to serve as temporary stay, he added the throat halliards to the spinnaker halliards, and bound them all together.

Another lad scrambled nimbly aloft. The boat was still sailing and plunging like a bucking broncho. Up aloft every swing slatted him against the spar, but he clung like a leech

with his legs around the halliards, while he completed the temporary repairs. Down below the man at the helm was pushing her through at it, hammer and tongs, with the third boat, and the bailers heaved the water overboard unceasingly. We were little better than a wreck, and the third boat made a strong bid for the place.

Second place, or sink her! That is what it looked like. On our good tack we worsened the third boat so badly that she quit. It was fortunate for us, for on the starboard stretch the mast, deprived of its standing rigging, bent like a whip, and we could not force her. Every time she went into a sea the masthead whipped forward until we dare not cast our eyes aloft lest we should lose our nerve and quit ignominiously within sight of our destination. Then a turn-buckle carried away on her starboard stays, and we were crippled on both sides. Again a man had to go to the mast-head and another down to leeward, while we nursed her along handling her like a mother does a weaking child.

Squall after squall struck us. It seemed as if the elements were bent upon completing their work. The sea sprang up wilder, and to crown all the men who were bailing announced that the leak was beating them. Just as we were about ready to make a run for the beach, we picked up a favorable slant and rushed into Oakville harbor at a merry clip. We were in a badly crippled shape, but were still able to limp. We forgot our troubles in the light of others' misfortunes, and everyone from powder monkey to admiral got "chesty" when the victorious crew surveyed our disabled craft, and asked why we did not turn back.

"We would have finished on life-preservers sooner than quit," proudly announced a green member of the crew.

The veterans wanted to say as much, but they lacked the bombast.

Coming home on Sunday with the wind aft, we only hit the high spots.

Well, Fort Hunter failed to win the American Derby, and the Canadian contingent lost much money on the Dymont horse. Very few, however, have wavered in their faith in the colt, and most of those who wagered on him at Chicago went down on him hook, line and sinker when he started at Fort Erie on Monday for the Canadian Derby. Fort Hunter did not run his race at Chicago. He showed that plainly by spreading his field at Fort Erie. At Chicago he lay back until the mile-post was passed, and then shot to the front like a cyclone. He had had a rough passage up to the mile-post, but seemed to be full of running when Jockey Wonderly urged him to extend himself. The colt ran hard, but seemed to think the race was over at the mile and a quarter mark, and quit running. When Wonderly tried to set him going again the colt failed to respond. He was distressed, and though he tried to run dropped back in the sprint. He had shot his bolt at a mile and a quarter. Wonderly says that he would have won at that distance. Fort Hunter was plainly spent. Wonderly did not go to the whip or steel for the finish. That was the first time the colt was ever asked to go over a mile and a quarter.

The Canadian Derby was a mile and a quarter, and the Canuck colt showed that that was his distance.

This Shamrock outfit at Montreal must take the lacrosse followers of Canada for a bunch of automatons who will nod "Quite right" when they cry "We are amateurs and we won't play the Brantfords, because they are professionals."

Of course the Brantford players are professionals, and are barred as such. So are the Shamrocks, but they run around with a Pharisaical demeanor and cry that they are not as the Brantford Indians are. No, they are not. They haven't been caught yet. The green-shirted lacrosse warriors from the shadow of Mount Royal have been taking the money for a generation, but their officers have developed a little system of shooting the long green that completely puzzles the sleuths of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union. The whole secret is that Brantford would prove a poor drawing card in the Minto Cup games because of their poor showing in the C. L. A., and the Shamrocks want a good team to draw crowds—and the long green to pay salaries.

CORINTHIAN.

A Dream of Dominion.



LOCKS were striking the very witching hour of night when Inspector Hall of the Toronto Police Force made his way across Queen's Park last Monday. He was whistling to keep up the courage of any stray member of the force who might be on his dangerous beat in the precincts of Wycliffe or Victoria College, and meditated as he went upon the perils of Toronto parks.

As he approached the Simcoe statue he was horrified to perceive the white-clad form of a woman stretched on the moist grass with her head resting on the stony base.

"Another drunk," muttered the Inspector, "and sound asleep, as I'm an Irishman." He laid his hand kindly, but firmly, on the shoulder of the slumbering lady, and said in a strictly professional way, "Come, now! Move on. You've no business here."

The lady opened her eyes, yawned daintily, and slowly arose without any signs of embarrassment.

"Dear old Toronto!" she said, playfully, "it always sends me to sleep. You see, I've just come from the West, and Stanley Park is so bracing. I was in Hamilton this morning and the two cities have been too much for me. As you say, I must move on."

"Who are you, anyway?" asked the Inspector, curiously. Then his natural gallantry asserted itself. "You're far too good-looking, my dear madam, to be wandering about all by yourself."

"I," said the woman, dreamily, "am the Spirit of Canada." "Spirit!" said the officer, sternly; "it's Canadian Club you've been after taking." But he looked at her hair of harvest yellow, her eyes that were brown like the oak-leaves in autumn, and her laugh, as it rippled along like a cascade in Muskoka, made him feel that this was no ordinary wanderer. But discipline must be maintained.

"You're a vagrant," he said, decisively.

"Of course I am," she replied, brightly; "last month I stored all my furs in the Klondike, put away my ermine robes in a Yukon chest, where the Albatross moth couldn't get at them, and decided to take a birthday trip across the continent. You know, I'll be thirty-seven next Friday."

"You don't say so," ejaculated the Inspector. "Why, you're only a young thing yet."

"Young!" echoed Miss Canada, her eyes lighting as she looked across to the Macdonald monument, "I'll always be a girl. There's the prairie air and the breeze of the Rockies to keep me from getting old and feeble. But it makes me feel queer to me to think of this park thirty years ago, and the friends who used to give me birthday presents when I was just learning to walk. There's one of them," and she pointed a slender hand towards Sir John's back of bronze, "and there's another," nodding towards the upright figure of George Brown. "I haven't forgotten any of them. You know, and that was one of the best." She looked towards Queen Victoria's place, and the Inspector removed his helmet.

"It's been a wonderful thirty-seven years," went on the soft voice. "I was just thinking to-night of all that I've done and of all that I'm going to do. My big sisters have had a good deal of fun at my expense and have tried to keep me from wearing anything less wintry than a toboggan suit. But I'm going to show them all how to travel, during the next ten years. But I've got to reach the St. Lawrence before morning. So good night, and give my love to Toronto."

"Good luck to you," said the officer, promptly; "you're welcome to the park any time at all, and if you see Uncle Sam just tell him to keep off the grass."

CANADIENNE.

Her Present.

"John," said the little lady whose wedding-ring was in a manifest state of newness, "your little wife has been saving up her money to buy you a nice present."

"Good little wife!" he replied. "What is it?"

"A smoking-jacket," she explained. "And I saved the money all out of my housekeeping allowance. Wasn't I thoughtful?"

"Splendid!" he exclaimed.

"And now I wish you'd bring me home some more money to-night."

"What did you do with that I gave you last night?" he asked, in some surprise.

"Oh, that's what I saved the smoking-jacket money out of!" she answered.



PEACE PLEDGES.

The Czar: Geewizzsky! I used to set the fashion at that game.

Intimate Interviews.

IN THE UP-TO-DATE MANNER.

HONORABLE G. W. ROSS received me with a kindly smile and an extended hand—nevertheless I entered as if I feared nothing. He was ready for me, I could see, for he started in on his old tactics of opening what promised to be a long-winded speech before I should have time to fire off my premeditated questions. But I was too old a hand at interviewing politicians and things to be taken in by any such device. I held up a hand of protest before he had got fairly started on his reasons why Canada is destined to be a great country—if it keeps its present governments.

"Pardon me, sir," I said, "but I'm no longer with the 'Globe.' Our paper doesn't print histories, geographies or text-books on political economy. I should like to ask you—"

"How delightful!" he exclaimed. "Now you're just the man I want to see. It is really a pleasure to have someone representing another paper than the 'Globe' call to have a little chat. I'm so tired of dictating editorials and sermons that I could embrace the representative of a paper which thinks out its own policy and writes its articles without pestering politicians—hem, statesmen—with what should be the editor's own business."

"Is it this extra work that has made it necessary for you to take the holiday which I understand you contemplate?"

"No, no, not altogether," he hesitatingly dissented. "Of course that sort of thing doesn't make me very much regret my absence from the country for a while, but the real reason for my trip is the necessity of a change of air. You see, during the session—"

"Quite so," I interrupted; "there is a great deal of hot and unhealthy air worked off while the House is in session. I have often wondered how the members stand each other for so long a time."

He smiled. "You have grasped the idea perfectly. It really becomes intolerable. Take that man Whitney, for instance. You might not think it, but will you believe it when I tell you—he has a deliberate and diabolical plan for terminating my existence, which he persistently practices on every possible occasion."

He leaned back in his chair and regarded my look of incredulous astonishment with the same pleasant, chronic smile.

"Impossible!" I ejaculated, after several moments' pause. "No, sir—I am convinced."

"But why don't you—"

He shook his head. "No, I could not get after him under the law. The law is framed to cover no such diabolical methods as he employs to accomplish his purpose. He very wisely refrains from throwing bombs; he never carries a pistol, sword or knife; poison could be traced to the purchaser at the drug store where it was bought. He makes no effort to use any of these agents of destruction—his pockets have been searched in the cloak-room, but nothing of an incriminating nature has been found. No, he is too subtle a man, too subtle by far, to leave himself open to prosecution under the Criminal Code."

"But how, then—"

Again he worked his smile. "Have you read his speeches? Have you ever had the misfortune to listen to them?"

"Oh, but you've never had them directed at you?"

I was thankful to say that I had never yet been forced to submit to the ordeal.

"Then you can have no idea how racking to the constitution it is to be forced to sit still for hours at a stretch, and have yards of this poisonous stuff dumped under your nose—and I must be present and receive it all! You see, he knows me; he understands thoroughly my sensitive nature; he knows that the faintest hint of suspicion as to my honesty, sincerity or singleness of purpose in carrying out the will of the people is as injurious to me as a dose of arsenic would be to the ordinary man of the world—yet, actuated by the instincts of a fiend incarnate, he devotes his entire time to denunciation of my acts and motives."

"But why don't you—"

"Exactly what I'm going to do," he interrupted. "Immediately after the opening of the next session—that is, immediately after the passing of a measure providing for an increased sessional indemnity—I shall introduce a special bill making it an indictable offence in this province for any member of the Opposition to criticize the motives of a Cabinet Minister."

"But will not that have an injurious effect on legitimate debate? Will it be altogether constitutional?"

"To both your questions I answer—NO. Legitimate debate should only include polite argument as to the merits and objections of any stated measure or motion. Any honorable member will, under the new provision, have the privilege of pointing out the possible weaknesses of a scheme, providing that he refrains from saying anything hinting out, or leaving to be thought, anything that would or could be taken to suggest that the minister responsible for it is actuated by other motives than a self-sacrificing zeal in the public interest. As to whether it is or is not constitutional, I may as well say first as last, that amounts to nothing or next to nothing. Our constitution was not framed to provide for contingencies such as are arising every day—consequently it cannot be regarded in making law controlling modern developments and situations. It is being disregarded right along—and quite properly so. Expediency is what controls things nowadays, and it is only those conservative few who persist in hanging on to something because it is old, who defend a strict compliance with the old-fashioned clauses of a constitution which is at best a patched-up and indefinite affair."

"I may say, then, that expediency is your only motto?"

"Oh, no!" he laughed. "You may say nothing of the kind. You see, that would be quite a paradox; for it would be inexpedient in a high degree for me to make any such statement. Why, you would have my temperance friends down on me in a mob before I could have a chance to flee the country. No, no; say that I regret to admit that in these degenerate political times it looks as if the only thing which people take into account in deciding upon the merits of a question is expediency. That means about the same thing, and causes no alarm and me no inconvenience."

"Speaking of the temperance people—what plans have you in preparation for dealing with the ever-present temperance question?"

"Oh, I have my reply all ready for the next quarterly call of the deputation. I shall say that I am deeply concerned in the cause, and that I shall take their suggestions under immediate advisement with a view to preparing for further consideration some measure that will tend to bring more funds into the treasury of the Alliance, and also keep the agitation in a healthy state of life and vigor."

"But are you not afraid that some day they will grow tired of being put off? You know last time they displayed signs of impatience. There were mutterings of rebellion in the camp."

He smiled more broadly than ever. "I wish I could tell you something. It would save you a great deal of trouble and work in the future. I will go this far, and trust to your honesty not to give me away. The temperance people don't want temperance any more than do the licensed victuallers. With a prohibition law in force, what would become of them? Everyone would be a temperance man—and the fellows who got the measure passed would be lost in the crowd, and would have to go back and work. Don't worry about the temperance question in the future—there is nothing in it."

While I stood speechless, trying to grasp the full significance of this information, a timid rap came at the door.

"Come," the Premier called—and the editor of the "Globe" walked in, with a couple of proof-sheets in his hand.

The statesman, but it was the smile of the martyr, and as he bid me good-bye he winked and grimaced hopelessly.

JAQUES.

Flykyns—When is one most likely to meet with an auto accident?

Slykyns—When you have some other fellow's wife with you.

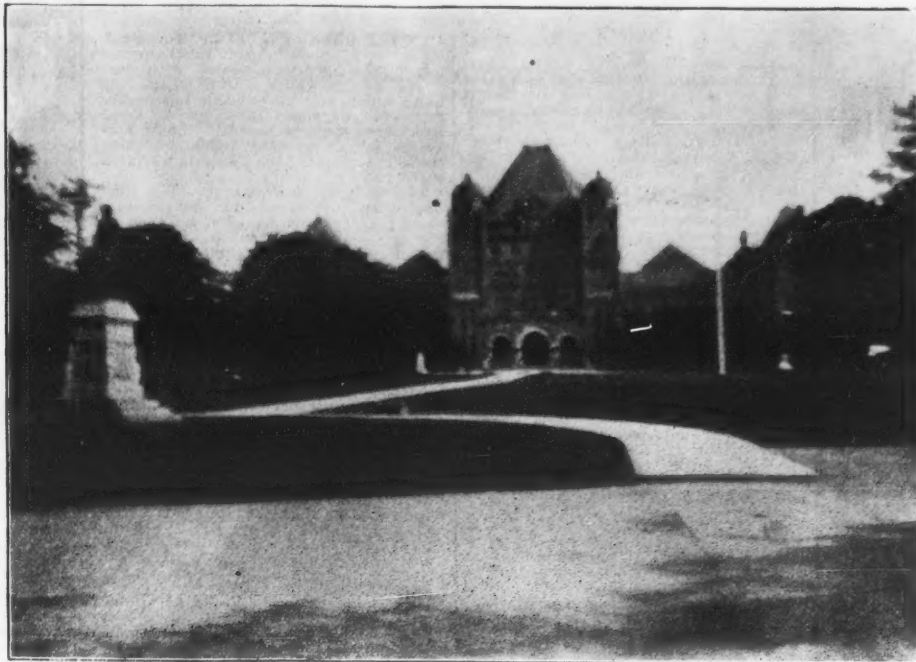
First Cannibal—I ate only one man yesterday.

Second Cannibal—How was that?

"My doctor told me I must diet."

Jasper—I hear that Senator Boodle is not in very good odor just now.

Jumpuppe—Well, what can you expect of a man who keeps ten motor cars?

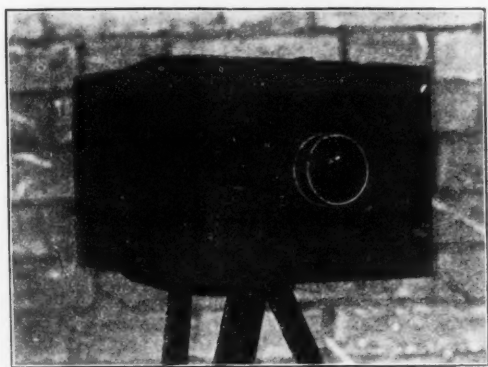


Pinhole picture of Legislative Buildings, showing effect strong sunlight has on the plate.

Pin-Hole Photography.

DAGUERRE, in 1839, invented the photographic process called after him. Noticing one day, while in a darkened room, a ray of light coming through a hole in the shutter, he found a picture thrown on the opposite wall of all the objects in the street, in their natural colors. Examination and experiment resulted in the Daguerreotype process of obtaining pictures.

When anagistic lenses came into use the pinhole—the germ of photography—was forgotten. The lens collecting



The pinhole camera, mounted on tripod, which is not essential.

more light waves enabled a faster picture to be taken. Moving objects became possible subjects for photography, and experimenters were carried away in pursuit of the rapid process.

Anastigmatic lenses were improved on, and we now have the tele-photo camera. This enables a clear picture to be taken of objects twenty miles away. The foco-plane shutter was another advance. With the advent of fast plates a fast shutter was required. A blind of over twice the length of the plate, with a very narrow slit in the center, is pulled down over the surface of the plate, and an exposure of only a one-thousandth second is obtained. The shutter is put close up against the plate to save the time the light would take to travel from the lens to the back of the camera.

With all these modern improvements a camera is a very costly article, an up-to-date camera having cost a friend of mine about one hundred and ten dollars.

From this complete and expensive apparatus it is a far cry back to the humble pinhole of 1839. Yet in certain work the pinhole is superior to the most expensive camera. With a pinhole picture we have everything photographed exactly as seen by the eye! There are no aberrations to mar the picture, caused by the lens failing to make the lines rectilinear. While not having the same clearness of "definition," the pinhole pictures have greater "depth." Movement, which is not even suggested in lens photography, is reproduced in

the trees and grass taken through the pinhole. The distance fades away, the background becomes gradually indistinct. With a lens the near foreground is out of focus, the center is very sharp, and the background stands out unnaturally distinct in detail. A wider angle is obtained with the pinhole than with a lens, thus enabling more to be put on a plate or allowing you to get nearer the object you wish to take. The pinhole camera is certainly good—very good—for certain work, and the price—well, the price can be "raised" by anyone.

A wooden box, some black paper, a bottle of mudilage, nails, and a few everyday tools—these are the only materials required to turn out a camera. But a pinhole or a lens will not do it all. If as good pictures are obtained with the one as with the other, it proves it is not the camera but the man behind the camera that does the work.

The exposures vary from one to six minutes in the different degrees of light. The best results, however, are obtained on a somewhat dull day with about five minutes' exposure. In sunlight you are apt to have your near foreground too dark and your background too light.

After the exposure comes the developing. The following is a good developer for fast Imperial or Cadet plates: Mix: A. 11-2 oz. sulphate of soda, 10 oz. water. B. 11-2 oz. carbonate of soda, 10 oz. water. C. 2 drams pyrogallie acid, 10 oz. water, and 20 drops of sulphuric acid.

In developing, mix one ounce of A, one ounce of B, to three-



June twilight in Rosedale, showing satisfactory results to be obtained in soft light.

quarter ounce of C. This starts development. If the picture does not come within a minute, add another 1-4 ounce C. If the picture then does not come it is underexposed, so add a little more C. Three ounces of the mixed developer will do four cabinet or half a dozen camera plates. The solution B should be kept corked in a blue bottle. Always mix just before developing. A developer like this is not absolutely necessary, but it saves many plates.

PIED PIPER.

Dominion Day Doings.

INSPECTOR JAMES L. HUGHES and the editor of the "Christian Guardian" spent the day on the Humber, far from the madding crowd's ignoble fire-crackers. Mr. Hughes does love to get away from the fierce light that beats upon the City Hall, and have a heart-to-heart talk with "one who understands." We are given to believe that these two gentlemen will visit Salt Lake City next November. Mr. Hughes' favorite author is Dickens, and he spent the glorious first in giving the aforesaid author to Rev. Mr. Bond of the "Guardian" editorials.

The Earl of Dundonald and Hon. Sydney Fisher cast all martial and barnyard cares aside and went fishing. Colonel Sam wanted to go along, but they desired peace and silence so that the fish wouldn't be scared. So Colonel Sam stayed home and took Mr. Henri Bourassa out driving. When last heard they were discussing "Fortresses of the Future," and Bourassa was trying to get hold of the reins.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier stayed in the backyard all afternoon and read "The Young Street Bridge and Other Fairy Tales." About five o'clock the Premier entertained a few members of the W. C. T. U., who drank the health of "This Canada of Ours" in pure maple syrup. Humorous recitations from that supremely absurd epic, "The Anti-Cigarette Bill," were given, with a lack of spirits, and the ladies withdrew with three cheers and a tigress for Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Premier Ross sent a telegram from Virginia congratulating the country on its thirty-seventh birthday, and stating that he had had a beautiful dream that there had been a landslide in Western Ontario, and three Conservative constituencies had been washed into the Detroit River. Hon. J. M. Gibson says this is the wildest dream that ever was, since everyone knows the Conservative ridings don't wash.

The Rev. J. A. Macdonald and the editor of the "News" took a little spin out to East Toronto and rejoiced in the breezes of Lake Ontario, flavored with pine and automobile. They hadn't enjoyed themselves so much for a long while. They gasped away for miles and miles, and discussing whether they might perfume Ontario politics, and the community for them to attend Sunday School picnics. The editor of the "News" says he learned a whole lot about the races, and that "J. A." gave him tips that showed a great deal of horse sense. They ran over several barnacles on the way home, but the machine hardly felt the jar. It's really a beautiful affair, with trimmings of a subdued shade of yellow, a crest of an iron hand, with the name "Manitoulin" in letters of brass.

Sir Frederick Borden refused all invitations to Cabinet cocktails and other functions, remaining in his library and reading the poets of old. He is especially fond of martial verse, preferring "Ye Mariners of England" to "The Maple Leaf Forever." In the twilight hours he composed a parody, of which we give the first four lines. The rest has been destroyed by order of Mr. Castell Hopkins, of the Canadian Society of Authors.

"Ye statesmen of Old England,

We've had another breeze;

And now, to give us comfort,

Grant some native G. O. C's."

ANNE E. NIAS.

Civic Questions.

If the good deeds of the average alderman for 1904 will fill half a column in a December issue of a daily paper supporting him, how much less than a "local brief" would cover the record of his acceptable services for the half-year just ended?

Bob Fleming being 40 years old, and having the appearance of living at least the allotted span, how long will he be dead and buried before Judge Morgan hands down his report on the investigation concerning the much-mixed affairs of the Assessment Department?

Admitting that the City Hall clock can be seen from the middle of the lake, what opinion of Toronto's park system does a visitor form when he stands on the municipal front steps and contemplates the buildings on the other side of the street?

Toronto being sidetracked all winter by the Theatrical Trust, how much more tightly ought the Princess theater to have been packed to show Mr. Mansfield sufficient gratitude for braving the hot nights of June to give us a taste of real acting?

If the highwayman and sneak thief had as much chance to defeat justice as the respectable grafters exercise, how long would it be before we would all find it necessary to carry firearms?

W. A. C.



Willis—A fellow never knows what he can do until—ah—

Wallace—Until what?

"Until he tries to undo something he has already done."

What's Bred in the Bone

WE had been on the move since daylight and the foothills of the Rockies grew steeper, and the headwaters of the Saskatchewan—the steel-blue Brazeau of the Big Horn Hills—swifter and colder.

Early in the afternoon the sun went down, tipping with gold the crests of the great sea of mountains ahead. It was our first good view of the Rockies, after a two hundred mile battle with muskox, fallen timber, and black flies and mosquitoes, for two weeks, along the old, almost disused, Indian trail by the Pembina and the Brazeau.

"Seems as if something was doing below there," said Frank Mace, ex-scout of a U. S. cavalry regiment, in the Bad Lands of Dakota, who had sought the Saskatchewan in the last Riel unpleasantness, and remained.

We were on the trail leading along the precipitous side of a hill, dropping down to the river-bed of the Brazeau ahead. He pointed over the poplars and firs to a stretch of sand where a dozen tipis dotted the white expanse, lying on the other side of the rushing mountain stream.

"Some sort of council, I should judge," he said. "I reckon there 'll be a little fresh meat goin'."

And Bunsford and I, who were equally tired of bacon, swerved willingly off the narrow trail, threw our shoulders back till they almost touched the cruppers of the sure-footed ponies, and scurried down the mountain side, plunged to our saddle-flaps through the snow-cold water, and in a few minutes were loping towards the group of tipis.

"Something doin', sure," said Frank. His quick eyes, familiar with the ways of the Indians since childhood, grasped the fact that something out of the ordinary was in progress. "Say," he quietly continued, as we drew up abreast and walked our ponies towards the large council tepee, "we've struck a band of those Mountain Iroquois. Never heard of them? They're one of the lost tribes. When the North-West Company, made up of Scotch and French-Canadians from Lower Canada, tried to bunt into the fur business in the West about a hundred years ago, there was trouble with the old Hudson Bay Company. You have heard how they fought whenever they met, turned the Indians against each other, and how the war came to an end by the massacre of Governor Semple, and a Hudson Bay force at Point Douglas, on the Red River, where Winnipeg now stands. Things got so that it meant union or extermination. The Hudson Bay Company absorbed the other by agreement made in Montreal. A band of Iroquois with their French-Canadian half-breed kinsmen refused to enter the service of the North-West Company, outfit is part of their old-time enemies. They have intermarried with Cree, Blackfoot, Stonies, and others. They are really more white than Indian, but more fiercely Indian in their customs and feelings than the reddest Indian of the plains."

Bunsford and I had heard of this unique band of Indians who spoke a polyglot language made up of French, Caughnawaga, English, Cree and Gaelic, who bore themselves as white men, refusing to take treaty money from the Government, and were a law unto themselves.

They are the lineal descendants of the Coureurs de Bois of the French regime," said Bunsford, who was a student of most things. "The descendants of the disgraced courtiers of the Court of the Pompadour and Louis le Grand, banished to Canada. Driven from Quebec and Montreal to the woods, the Indian villages and the service of the fur companies, by the desire for excitement, and the efforts of the Church, and the French governors, whose rule they defied. Their half-breed children's children were among those who took service with the North-West Company, and this, if Frank is right, is the outfit that does its trading at the old Rocky Mountain House."

We stopped at the large tepee, and were formally and dignifiedly welcomed.

"A council was going on. Would we camp? The chief would see us in half an hour."

An hour afterwards Mace rejoined us. His face was grave. He had had an interview with the chief.

"Say, you fellows," he said, "there's something on here that bothers me. It's none of our business, but if you'd seen the little girl you 'd sort of feel like making it. She's just about the meekest, mildest, bluest-eyed, prettiest little thing in moccasins that blossoms in the foothills."

"Blue-eyed?" I asked.

"Yes. In this tribe of wild North American Indians, blue eyes is liable to break out at any old time."

"Reversion to type," muttered Bunsford.

"Well, it's just this way," Mace went on. "She's the chief's daughter. The best hunter in the outfit wanted to marry her in the midst of an interesting courtship going on since childhood's early hour with a young brave, and he produced the collateral. White men's and Indian wars is not so different after all. He blew up with a string of a dozen ponies, a season's fur, a double-barrelled breech-loader, and a keg of moonshine whiskey, and talked business to the old man. The moonshine talked the business, for the young buck got the go-by, and the lynx-eyed old son of a gun with the goods got the girl. The young fellow cleared out for a while, but he either thought too much of the girl or too little, for he turned up the other day when the happy bridegroom happened to be sheep-shearing over there in the Big Horn Hills. It happened, as it sometimes does, that the husband came back too soon. Then there was trouble. Infidelity on the part of a wife in this outfit means death at the hands of the husband. That is what the council meeting was about. The girl is to be shot by the lynx-eyed avenger of a husband, if he's at large."

We talked it over. We then interviewed the chief, while the silent, sad-faced daughter sat with bowed head in the same tepee. The chief looked to all appearances merely a swarthy plainsman, who spoke a language that only the linguistic abilities of Mace could follow.

"No. He understood. Our motives were friendly, and all that. But he knew his people, and the law would be carried out."

Bunsford unwisely hinted something about the North-West Mounted Police. The chief's eyes blazed.

"They are my friends, what few I know. They keep their law. I don't interfere with them. We keep ours."

"It is no use," said Mace, turning to us, and speaking in English. "Let us leave the old chap in good humor," and he produced a fat bottle of Hudson Bay rum, our medicine chest, from his pocket. The chief's eyes flashed with the longing of Indian, bon vivant, and roystering courtier. As he drank a lightning look of intelligence flashed from the uplifted blue eyes of the girl to Mace.

We didn't leave the tepee until far into the night, when the chief hiccupped to Mace, as he bade us good-night, that all he had was his. Mace took his daughter.

They were married in Montana. Frank was lynched afterwards for shooting a man who was too attentive to her. She then married a rancher who found delirium tremens a relief from jealousy. Then she came north as the wife of a Dakota horse-thief, and so on—and so on.

I met Bunsford in Cape Town a couple of years ago, and we were talking of those days.

"Can you explain the delirium that seemed to possess that sad-faced, blue-eyed Indian woman?" I asked. "A delirium that seemed to ruin every man that met her."

"If in reading up the memoirs of the Court of Louis le Grand," said Bunsford, slowly, "I find that I have run against the man, woman or events which started the story that had its sequel in the shadow of the Big Horn Hills in the Rocky Mountains, at the end of the 19th century, I shall let you know. The story began about the time of Madame de Pompadour, and those stories as a rule have a mighty long run."

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

"So you want to break our engagement?"

"Oh, no; just lay it on the table for a few days, my husband is coming to spend Sunday."

"What is the war news this morning?"

"As nearly as I can make out the Russians and Japs have had a fierce engagement in which they paid about a column of type."

She—You kiss like an expert.

He—You compliment like a connoisseur.

Madge—What luck did you have at the moon?

Dolly—None at all. Not one of the horses with a pretty name won.

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Anecdotal

Frank Everest, of Atchison, Kas., is a good deal of an "American," having small admiration left for foreign lands or people. Not long ago he went to Europe on business. During the voyage he and other passengers were much annoyed by a Bostonian, who talked a great deal about the number of times he had been abroad. He laid great stress on the fact that he went over twice a year. "Have you ever been abroad?" he asked Everest. Everest admitted he was making his first trip. "I go over twice a year," said the Bostonian. "Oh, do you?" replied Everest, and he added, "Have you ever been to Omaha?" The Bostonian said he hadn't. "Well," said Everest, "I go there twice a week."

Mr. Takahira, the Japanese Minister at Washington, is on friendly terms with the Russian Ambassador, Count Cassini, and is careful never to say anything that will offend him. But he likes harmless pleasantries once in a while. Some one informed him that President Roosevelt had decided to discontinue the training in jiu-jitsu, and asked him if he could guess why. "Can't imagine the reason," replied the envoy; "perhaps Cassini objected to the lessons as a breach of neutrality."

At a colliery, near Leeds, is a shaft with a staging around it, its height being considerably above the average of such erections in the West Riding. A miner had fallen off this staging to the ground, and on recovering consciousness was offered a glass of water by one of the men who had picked him up. Looking at the water in disgust and amazement, he exclaimed: "Can't imagine the reason," replied the envoy; "perhaps Cassini objected to the lessons as a breach of neutrality."

Mark Twain and Mr. Chauncey Depew were crossing the Atlantic on the same steamship, when one evening, after dinner, it was suggested the diners should make speeches. Mark made a characteristically droll, not to say side-splitting, address, and then Mr. Depew was called upon for a similar effort. The statesman arose in a well-simulated confusion. "It was understood," said he, "that Mark and I should write out our speeches for this occasion in advance and then exchange manuscripts. We have done so."

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for cooking,
for butter-
making. It is
pure and will
not cake.

An Ant Worth Millions of Dollars.

THE destruction and loss caused by the boll weevil are familiar to all readers of the daily papers. That relief is in sight seems probable from reports of the recent discovery in Central America of a species of ant that attacks and kills the scourge. That this little insect will be worth a quarter of a billion dollars annually to this country is the estimate of a writer in the "National Geographic Magazine" (June). He says: "During the past three years the boll weevil has cut in half the value of the cotton harvest of ten counties of Texas which it has invaded. All efforts to check the weevil have been in vain. It has spread with the rage of an epidemic, until the Southern States are dreading that they will see one-half or all of their cotton crop, whose normal value is \$500,000,000, swept away. The boll weevil is a kind of beetle, living on the bolls of the cotton tree. A single pair of boll weevils will multiply in a single season into millions of ravenous and destructive insects."

Some time ago the investigators of the Department of Agriculture learned of a variety of cotton grown by the Indians in Guatemala which seemed not to be subject to the attacks of the boll weevil.

"The Secretary of Agriculture accordingly despatched Mr. O. F. Cook to Guatemala to ascertain whether it was possible to resist the boll weevil, or to learn other causes of its immunity from the attacks of the insect."

A thorough search by Mr. Cook shows that the weevil is present and able to injure the cotton, but reveals also an active enemy which keeps it in check. This is a large reddish-brown ant, which attacks the cotton by the food which it secures from three sets of extra-floral nectaries."

The ant, we are told, attacks the beetle on sight and paralyzes it with a sting, the business-like way in which the insect is disposed of showing that the ant is peculiarly adapted for this work by structure and instinct. To quote again: "Instead of congregating in large numbers on the cotton in the immediate vicinity of their nests, the ants have, as it were, the good sense to spread themselves through the field, from two to four and five usually being found doing inspection duty on each plant. In some places there seemed to be not enough ants to go around a cotton tree, but here were more numerous. Rarely, too, certain flowers or branches seemed to have been overlooked, beetles being found on the same plants with the ants. In such instances, indeed, the young flower or boll was generally riddled with punctures, as though many beetles had availed themselves of a rare opportunity of feeding undisturbed."

"Cotton-growing among the Indians is something of a special art, the community being supplied by a few men, aware, as it were, of the secrets of the business. They know nothing about the weevil and its ravages, and ascribe such damage as occurs to other harmless insects, or even to superstitious causes, such as the failure of the owner to abstain from salt at the time of planting. The ant, however, is definitely associated in their minds with cotton, and they are expected to secure a crop unless these insects favor the plants with their presence. Some of the Indians give the ant a special name, 'kelep,' not applied to any other species, but it is referred to as 'the animal of the cotton.'"

"The perennial tree cotton furnishes permanent breeding-places, so that the conditions are most favorable to the propagation of the beetles in large numbers. The ants, however, are evidently able to hold them in check, and thus permit the regular cultivation of a variety of cotton by the Indians."

"If the cotton ant can survive a long dry season and perhaps cold weather in the tabernacles of Guatemala, it might easily learn to hibernate in Texas, as has the boll weevil. . . . To take worker ants to Texas will be evidently a very easy matter, but to establish colonies and to establish permanent colonies may require considerable time and experiment and a thorough study of all the habits of the species."

Although the cotton ant seems to be specially adapted to attack the boll weevil, it is not, like some of the members of its class, confined to a single plant but is a kind of prey. It is observed running about on plants of many different families, and it attacks and destroys insects of every order, including the Hemiptera, and even the Coleoptera. On the other hand, it does not do the least injury to the cotton or to any other plant, so far as has been ascertained, and it can be handled with impunity, having no sting and being so much of the stinging and biting ants of the tropics."

"Since where once established it exerts its large numbers, and its prey efficient destroyer of noxious insects than the spider or the toad. It seems, in short, not unlikely to become a valuable ally of the cotton grower in tropical and sub-tropical countries, if not in temperate regions."

"Efforts will immediately be directed toward introducing the ant to the cotton fields of Texas. Mr. Cook has been supplied with all the funds and assistance he needs, and the Secretary of Agriculture will be much disappointed if good results are not realized."

Very Brief But to the Point.

Quebec Man Briefly States That He Cured His Dyspepsia of Years' Standing by Using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"I wish to state that I have tried Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, and they have made me well. I suffered for many years of Dyspepsia."

Such is the brief statement of Alphonse Caron, editor of "L'Echo," published at Montmagny, Que. But if it is brief, it tells everything that thousands of suffering Canadians need to know, viz., that there is a cure for Dyspepsia, and that cure is Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Some people will go further and ask how do they cure. The answer is simple. They simply give the stomach the rest it needs by digesting the food themselves. The result is the stomach gradually returns to its normal condition and is then able to do its own work."

You will see from this that you can eat what you please when you please, if you use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Knecker—Rip Van Winkle slept for twenty years.
Harlemite—Dear me! didn't they rent the flat above him in all that time?

"Radium is as yet only in its infancy."
"It is certainly a very bright baby."

Horseshoe Luck.

THE origin of belief in "horseshoe luck" is so ancient that it never has been determined with certainty—and no superstition is more universal. Ever since horses began to wear shoes these presences of iron have been accounted lucky emblems by all peoples, races and nations that have been acquainted with their use.

The Chinese, for instance, say they nail them up over their doors as a charm against evil spirits, because of the close resemblance in shape between them and the arched body of the sacred snake, Nagendra, one of their principal deities.

Ask a Turkish Mohammedan for information on the subject, and he will tell you that it is because they are in form like to a crescent, the sacred emblem of Islam.

A Polish Jew will explain that at the Passover the blood sprinkled upon the lintel and door-posts, in the manner directed by their ritual, forms the chief points of an arch. Hence, obviously, the value of arch-shaped talismans, such as horseshoes.

The stolid and unimaginative Russian peasant, on the other hand, maintains that the luck associated with the horseshoe is due chiefly to the metal, irrespective of its shape, iron being traditionally a charm wherewith to nullify the malevolent designs of evil spirits and goblins.

Very different is the story by which the Irishman seeks to account for his liking for the same talismanic symbol. The name "Ironland" or "Ireland," he will tell you, originated as follows:

When the whole island was once submerged in the sea, out of which it only rose once in seven years, and then only for a very short time. Many attempts had been made to break the spell and induce the country to remain permanently above the waters, but all were vain, until one day a daring adventurer threw a horseshoe from a boat on to the topmost peak of the Wicklow Mountains, just as they were disappearing beneath the waves. Then at last was the ban removed. The Emerald Isle began forthwith to rise again from the ocean depths into which it had sunk. And it has been dry land—more or less—ever since.

In England, up to comparatively recent times, horseshoes were extensively used almost everywhere as anti-witch charms; and the custom is not even yet an extinct one. No witch, it used to be said, could enter a building over the door of which a horseshoe, or, better still, three horseshoes—had been affixed, prongs downwards.

The origin of this particular belief is referable to the old legend of St. Dunstan. This versatile English ecclesiastic was a skilled farrier, and one day while at work in his forge the Evil One entered in disguise and requested Dunstan to shoe his "single hoof." The saint, although he at once recognized his malign customer, acceded, but caused him so much pain during the operation that Satan begged him to desist. This Dunstan did, but only after he had made the Evil One promise that neither he nor any of the lesser evil spirits, his servants, would ever molest the inmates of a house where a horseshoe was displayed.

Millinery.

A WOMAN will go into a milliner's, and by mistake pick up a ten-dollar hat, and trying on will think how well she looks in it, until the saleslady comes up and tells her that's an odd hat that was left over from last season, and then the woman will throw it aside, and with the remark that she was only looking around for something to wear to the market on rainy days, nod her head in a certain direction with unerring instinct, and say:

"Let me see that." And the saleslady will thread her way through the orchard of nickel-plated trees, and taking down about eighty-five cents' worth of feathers and straw, aigrettes and beads and green basket-work and ostrich feathers and June roses, that's marked at fifty dollars because it's fresh from France, she will lift it on to the woman's head, with the aid of a helper, and say:

"There, madame, that's our latest importation. It certainly does look stunning on you." And all the mirrors in the place will begin to reflect the glories of that hat, and the woman will turn and twist, look at herself front and back and sideways, walk up and down, first on the starboard and then on the port tack, and hitch up her back hair and pat the sides, and concentrate her whole mind on the creation for as long as two minutes. And then she will say:

"No duplicates?" And then the saleslady will draw herself up, with an air of injured pride, and exclaim:

"Oh, dear, no. There is nothing else like it, I assure you. It has only just arrived on the steamer. It conforms so nicely to the lines of your face. I don't think I have ever seen a toque that was so becoming."

And then the woman will sigh, and eventually size up her husband in the distance, and wonder if he can possibly stand it. And when at last she begins to hedge at the thought that, after all, there is a limit to Henry's endurance, she will say, with a voice of careless indifference:

"You might send it home on approval."

Which will evoke from the saleslady a pathetic but forbidding smile.

"I am afraid we cannot do that, madame, with this hat. I should like to oblige you, but it is entirely new, and we expect it to be sold before the day is over."

"Very well. Show me something else."

Every tree in the milliner's orchard is thereupon stripped of its foliage, and in the course of about an hour and thirty minutes the woman decides. All the mirrors settle back with groans of relief. The saleslady assures her that she has a great bargain. Nothing so good for the money has ever gone out of their establishment. And that evening, when Henry has settled back with his cigar, the woman will say:

"Henry, to-day I have made a great sacrifice for your sake. I saw a hat for fifty dollars that just exactly suited me. But I thought it was more than you could afford, so I didn't get it."

And Henry will straighten up and say:

"Fifty dollars for a hat! Well, I should say so! How much did you pay?"

"Well, guess." "I should think you might have gotten a good one for eight or ten." "Now, don't be absurd." "Well, how much?" "Just think—only twenty-eight."

"Twenty-eight dollars for a hat. My stars! Why, there isn't a hat in Christendom that's worth twenty-eight dollars. You never paid so much before."

And then the woman will put her arm around him with a gentle smile as she replies:

"But you know, dear, that during the last year the prices of all necessities have risen."—Addison Fox, Jr.

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THE Toronto College of Music annual closing concert has been in the past attracted wide-spread interest, and have been heard by audiences that have taxed the capacity of Massey Hall. That on Thursday evening of last week was no exception to the rule, the audience numbering some where near three thousand persons. The program was a very ambitious one in relation to the piano work, for it contained no fewer than six concertos for the instrument, either whole or in part. The quality of the selections was unimpeachable, for what critic is there who would not be satisfied with representative works by Bach, Weber, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Moszkowski, Hiller, Saint-Saens, Rossini and Handel? There was, moreover, a complete little orchestra that gave a good account of itself in accompanying the soloists. A better idea of the concert was thus obtained than would have been possible had the arrangement been for a second piano. Bach was represented by the first movement of his concerto in C major for three pianos, the performers being the Misses Elizabeth Maxwell, Evelyn Ashworth and Gertrude Anderson, pupils of Dr. Torrington, who played the music with considerable technical neatness and surety, and in good time. Much praise was won by a blind student of the Ontario Institute of Brantford, Miss Maud Young, a pupil of Mr. Ernest A. Humphries, who played the first movement of the concerto in E-flat major, with surprising certainty of execution and attack, and with marked natural musical taste. She, moreover, produced a mellow musical tone from the instrument. Charles E. Eggett, the talented pupil of Dr. Torrington, contributed the first movement of Moszkowski's concerto in G minor, in which he rendered with brilliancy and finish. Pauline Grant, another pupil of Dr. Torrington, gave Weber's Concerto in A minor, a manner more remarkable for delicacy than for power or decided rhythm. Miss Lillian Porter, a past pupil of Dr. Torrington, displayed an advanced technique in the first movement of the concerto in E-flat major. A slight physical flagging was noticeable towards the close, but on the whole the movement was sustained with decision and spirit. Miss Dolly Blair also gave a fine performance of the concerto in E-flat major. The Mendelssohn concerto in G minor. The vocalists were Ethel M. Robinson, who sang "On a Mighty Mountain," Katharine Ellis, "Mercadante's 'Ah! Sestinto,'" W. Maurice Vanderwater, the "Cujus Animam," Mrs. W. Cleland Armstrong, "Robert, toi, que j'aime," from "Robert le Diable," Miss Alvina M. Springer, "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," Saint-Saens; Arthur Leitheuser, the "Pro Peccatis," from the "Stabat Mater," and J. D. Richardson, who joined Mr. Leitheuser in the Handel duet, "The Lord is a Man of War." These singers all won great applause. The teachers represented by the vocalists were Dr. Torrington and J. D. Richardson.

During his recent tour in America Richard Strauss had to put up with a good deal of adverse criticism. Particularly was this the case in New York. It seems, too, that the composer did not really forget what had been said about his works. While directing a rehearsal in Chicago of his "Till Eulenspiegel," he suddenly stopped the band, and called out to the double bassoon player: "Why don't you play the F sharp that is marked?" "Because it would sound wrong," protested the instrumentalist. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Strauss, "are you also from New York?"

Mr. S. Bennett will spend July and August in the Western States.

The prospects for the average pianist of these days are very gloomy, according to a Vienna critic, who writes: "The piano means of artistic expression are exhausted. . . . Hardly anything remains but an attempt on the part of the players to surpass one another in overcoming technical difficulties. But this, too, is a lottery; indeed, I believe we have reached a point where an excess of technical skill does a musician more harm than good. Under these conditions an assured position as player can be obtained only through a fortunate combination of circumstances which can be counted on with the same confidence as the first prize in a lottery. This prize one must win to be a man of the day. Of the hundreds of thousands who get nothing nobody speaks." The situation for composers is no better. Many do not appear to be much more hopeful. In that country in 1902 no fewer than 7,383 instrumental works were published, of which 514 were for orchestra, 322 for string instruments, and 3,574 for piano. The vocal music comprised 75,000 works, and there were 354 books on music and 57 musical journals.

The music of Jean Sibelius, the Finnish composer, has of late attracted attention both in New York and London. He is said to be a real genius and is yet young, having been born in 1865 at Tavastehus, Finland. Mr. Philip Hall has translated the following interesting excerpt from Dr. Walter Riemann's critical study on Finnish music: "Sibelius's music has as its basis, first of all, nationality—pure home art, to employ this musical word correctly for once. The subjects which he chooses for vocal or instrumental representation tell us that; the forms of the native runic lays, of the national epic 'Kalevala,' of the native authors Runeberg and Topelius, come to life again in tones. Like all modern Scandinavian music, his is founded on the folk-song, showing its melodic and rhythmic influence as plainly as do the Norwegian effusions of Grieg. It is the music of a melancholy, dreamy, deep affliction; of ardent, impetuous longing for the sun; of a suppressed hope; of wilful boldness—a music of the tenderest, most intimate nature—poetry, in a style of the most refined type. It has in common with the rest of Scandinavian music the closely knit, as we are used to say, 'short breath,' melody and fundamental melancholy, which latter, with Sibelius, generally takes at once the tone of a veiled, reflective mood of infinity, as it spreads over the poor country of

'the thousand seas,' gilded by the magical and pale shimmering midnight sun—over the endless unvaried moor and forest and roaring waterfalls, with their short summer. One falls directly into the train of his mood in his 'Saga,' one of the most magnificent, most heartrending and strongly affecting tone pictures of our time, in which, as one can perceive easily, Sibelius has set forth in tones for posterity the present lot of his people. We do not need a 'programme' for his 'Saga' to tell us every moment what hovered before the composer. Only one thing characteristic of the young Norse school is lacking in his works—the cheerful, joyous element. Sibelius's art is profoundly, formidably earnest and serious—everything appearing gray enveloped in gray, with scarcely a gleam of sunlight to brighten the fundamental mood of longing and affliction. . . . He who has not made a close study of the peculiarities of Scandinavian music will find Sibelius's original, tuneful and interesting; but its most secret beauties, its spiritual riches, its often almost sharp eloquence, are fully revealed only to his own people—to those to whom it was written from his heart. Sibelius's name will never set for Finland; it is her greatest national composer, her Runeberg of music. No composer has described in music the fate of an entire people more truly and sympathetically than Sibelius has done already."

An untimely shower early on Tuesday evening doubtless limited the attendance at St. George's Hall at the recital given jointly by Miss Bernice Parker, M.E.L., B.E., and two pupils of Miss Nora Kathleen Jackson—Miss Ruby Penderith, contralto, and Mr. Chester W. Scott, bass. The concert was, nevertheless, thoroughly enjoyable and the programme of more than usual interest. Miss Parker was as great a favorite as usual and produced a happy in dramatic or humorous roles. Her recitations included a scene from "Henry VIII," Bulwer-Lytton's "Auchincloss," Bunton's "The Tenor," and a seemingly funny sketch, "In an Elevator," which brought shrieks of laughter from the audience. The singers, who have each been heard in public before, showed a marked progress in their art, and received liberal tributes of popular approval. The singing of both Miss Penderith and Mr. Scott is marked by a thoroughness and care which is not often met with in amateur work. The latter, in particular, was well at the outset of a musical career. Several of the songs were charming compositions which one would like to hear often. Among them may be mentioned: "Canzon," "Dormi, Dormi," Ricci; "For Thee," Kemp; "Absent," Metcalfe; "Mother of Mine," Tours; "Night of Nights," Van de Water; "The Longshoreman's Chorus," "When I Gaze on a Rose," Trotere. Miss Penderith, who is a member of the Sherlock Concert Bureau, appeared to be equally at home in always artistic, in French, German and Italian songs. Mr. Scott has the material for a fine mellow bass voice, which he has already got under good control and handles well.

Under the administration of Mr. Herbert Putnam and the superintendence of O. G. Sonneck, the division of music in the Library of the United States Congress is rapidly becoming an institution of significance and value. Over sixty pages in the "Select List of Purchases in Certain Departments of Literature," reprinted from the librarian's last report, are filled with titles of musical works, consisting of full scores and vocal scores of operas, oratorios, cantatas, and so forth, orchestral scores and chamber music, books of psalmody, dictionaries of music and biographical, historical, critical, theoretical, philosophical and pedagogical works. On the whole, excellent judgment has been exercised in making the collection, and, considering the youthfulness of the division, the results achieved are commendable. The division of music was set apart when the Library of Congress was reorganized in 1897. Except a few rarities, all the music contained in the collection was that which had been deposited in Washington between 1800 and 1897, under the copyright law—the most of it, as can be imagined, of little or no value. There were few books, and a few, earlier than 1891, owing to the absence of a copyright law, and these few were principally works of American composers. Since 1891 protection has been given to the works of foreign authors entered for copyright, and the library has acquired an extensive collection of contemporary European music. During the last few years books and music have been bought in order to make the library a center of research to the student, critic and historian of music. Special attention has been given to the collection of early American psalmody, Civil War music and to social publications of an historical character, such as the "Denkmäler der Tonkunst in Deutschland." On July 1, 1903, says Mr. Sonneck, "the total number of volumes and pieces of music in the division was estimated at 368,735, this being an increase of 21,224 over the preceding year. In addition the division had in its custody some 4,700 volumes and pamphlets dealing with the history and theory of music. Not included in this enumeration was instructive material estimated at about 6,000 volumes, pamphlets and pieces set apart in a special section of the collection. The accessions during the last ten months would bring the grand total of the collection to the neighborhood of 400,000 items." Mr. Sonneck writes: "This collection will be made as freely accessible to the public as the Library of Congress, and the Library of Congress is now the national library of the United States. It is free and accessible without formality. Regarding itself as having a duty of research, wherever originating, it is also quite ready, within its capacity, to answer inquiries addressed to it by mail."

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The Sportsman in Thibet.

WHEN British troops have opened the mysterious land of Thibet to civilization travellers will be able to see at close quarters many animals rare and curious. Thibet offers no attractions to the tourist who requires luxurious travelling. It is a veritable paradise, though far from Edenic in soil. With a surprisingly rich fauna space can only be found here for a brief survey of some of the more remarkable animals of this strange land, and these are all of exceptional interest. One of the largest of the Mammalia is the yak or grunting ox. Standing between five and six feet high at the shoulders, but of the strange, exaggerated by the enormous growth of hair upon the lower part of the body, the yak is a most curious animal. Moreover, there is a layer of fine wool known as "pushim," which is highly prized for the making of cloth. The extraordinary tail is one of the most conspicuous features of Thibetan monasteries or lamaseries, being suspended on poles as streamers. Throughout the East these tails are used as fly-whisks. In Thibet they are used as red and fixed to the roofs of summer residences as pendants. Living near the region of perpetual snow, and of fierce disposition, the hunting of the yak is a most difficult and dangerous sport. It is, however, easily domesticated, and forms an invaluable beast of burden, being wonderfully sure-footed and capable of carrying great weights. It is, however, unable to eat corn, and forced marches, exhausting alike to man and beast, are often on this account necessary. The yak is a most remarkable animal, the high table-lands of Thibet harbor yet other hooved animals as remarkable as the yak—the chiru antelope for example, which, like the strange saiga, has developed an enormous swollen neck. It is supposed that this enlarged size of the nasal chamber is directly due to the need of some special adaptation for breathing the high, cold air of these regions. The little goat or Thibetan gazelle, and a magnificent wild sheep, the argali, manage, like the chiru, to thrive where in summer the sun scorches by day, and icy blasts prevail at night, and herds of wild dogs are ever on the prowl. More difficult to stalk than any other Thibetan animal, the argali, which is a goat, is a most curious creature. The horns, which may attain a length of 48 inches, and a girth of 20 inches at the base. Old rams will leap from a height of 30 feet with confidence.

The ibex, and a very remarkable animal known as the bharal, or blue sheep, are also found in Thibet. The show deer, a beast nearly as big as the great wapiti, has very seldom fallen to the hands of the sportsman. The complete specimen has yet been sent to Europe. In England it is represented only by five skulls and horns in different private collections. The horns are of great size; the record in the number of points—thirteen—is in the British Museum. The spread between the tips of the horns is three feet, and the width between the arches stems may be as much as 3 feet 3-4 inches. Of the three species of wild ass which occur in Asia, one, the kiang, is peculiar to Thibet.

Perhaps the most curious of the large animals of Thibet is the great panda, a bear-like creature whose existence is a puzzle to the sportsman. The coloration is remarkable, patches of jet black being set in strong contrast by a cream-colored ground. Little is known about the habits of the panda, but it is conjectured that this coloration is protective, harmonizing with patches of snow and black rocks among which it lives.

One of the most brilliantly colored of all monkeys occurs in Thibet; known as the Orange-nosed monkey, it lives in troops and the taller trees. After its coloration the next conspicuous feature about this animal is its "up-turned" nose.

The great cats are worthily represented by the rare snow leopard, a specimen of which is now to be seen at the Zoological Gardens in London; only twice previously has it been brought to England alive. One of the most prized denizens of our aviaries occurs in a wild state in Thibet. These are the gorgeous golden and Amherst pheasants. The latter, it is suggested, could profitably be introduced into our coverts.—W. P. Pyecraft, A.L.S., F.Z.S.

Those Heels. When Edith tilts about quite gracefully, and from the upright does not greatly Her slant is due to elevated heels. That technically is termed "The Military." But when her pose is more obtuse of angle, As if the vertical she faint would banish, Or rival be of Pisa's leaning tower—Why, then her heels, two inches high, are "Spanish."

Perchance, her tastes trend geographically, And she would demonstrate to many million Just how old Earth inclines unto its axis—Her elevators then are "Castilian."

Or would she further test earth's gravitation, Her stilts, three inches high, are then But these she only wears when Jack is nigh, Whose arms can make a falling body tarry. HENRY WOOD.

An Old Salt's Observations.

WHEN I was real certain about things I used to say "An sure as shootin'." But then I learned that in modern warfare shot for every man is killed, and now I've changed my sayin' to "As sure as bettin' on 'em' races," referin' not to 'em' certainty of winnin', but to the 'em' broke. I ain't seen no reason for a sea change. We had our weddin'-tour right here on the ship. "What makes th' ocean look so blue?" asks Lyddy of me. "Reckin' of yow'ers," I says, real gallant. There came a sea change. "I know what makes it look so green," says she, an' looked me over, laughin' so that I felt flustered. Then I stepped back a mile away from the rail, so that I couldn't be reflected in th' water. "There!" says she, "It's blue ag'in."

Some women are jest great on arguement. I remember that just after we was married I was a-guyin' Lyddy 'bout her hoop-skirts. "I know a woman," then she says to me, "that

would 'a' been a-drown'd if it hadn't been for hoop-skirts. Whose she went overboard they jest ballooned around her an' held her up till help come." But what we was discussin' wasn't wearin' 'em to bathe in, but wearin' 'em to go to meetin' in. "I sh'd think you'd find life at sea awful hard," a man said to me. I looked at him, an' he seemed kind of wore out like. "What you been doin'?" I asked of him. "Oh, nothin' much," says he: "jest potterin' around my place. I got up kind of early to mow th' lawn. Then I had some trouble with th' water-pipes. Later that's what makes me look as dusty like—a sewer connection busted, an' I had to crawl under th' house to fix it." "Tag!" says I. "You're it," says I. "Livin' at sea, I never have th' same front yard twice, an' don't have to mow th' seaweed. Th' hull ocean is no sewer, an' it's th' most sanitary ever known. An' as for water, why, I make my sailors fill my tanks when I'm in port."

"Why?" asked th' pretty passenger of me. "Do you allus speak of ships as 'she'?" "Oh," says I, "it's because they're so graceful an' so useful an' so lovable an' make you love 'em so, an' are so stanch in rough weather, an' so gen'ly charmin'." I says, real gallant. An' then I went to th' chart-room, where th' engineer was waitin' with an estimate of th' cost of repairs to th' machinery, an' th' first mate with a guess at th' cost of necessary new sailcloth, an' th' bosun's mate with a kick from the crew for mornin' wages and Brankome Hall. 21 Dunbar Road, Rosedale.

Then I hustled for that pretty passenger. I wanted to tell her another reason—I wanted to say to her, "An' 'cause they're so expensive. Th' But I couldn't say she was in her state-room, a-shovin' of her jewelry to another woman." Judge.

"I'm getting old." "Having rheumatism." "Worse than that. I'm having reminiscences."—Cincinnati "Tribune."

Carry—I didn't expect Fred the first time he proposed. "I know you didn't—you weren't there."—Exchange.

"I maintain," she declared, "that women are better speakers than men."

"But sometimes quantity is mistaken for quality," he pointed out.

"I believe some good fellow once said that the highest compliment a man can pay a woman is to call her a 'bottled laugh'."

"Wonder how he came to think of that?" "Don't know—let's have another smile!"

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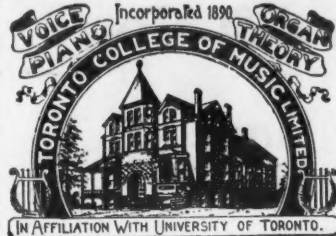
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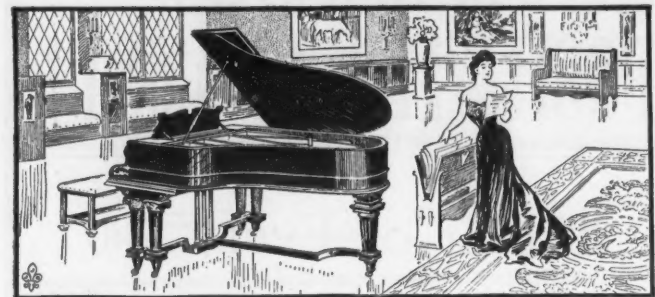
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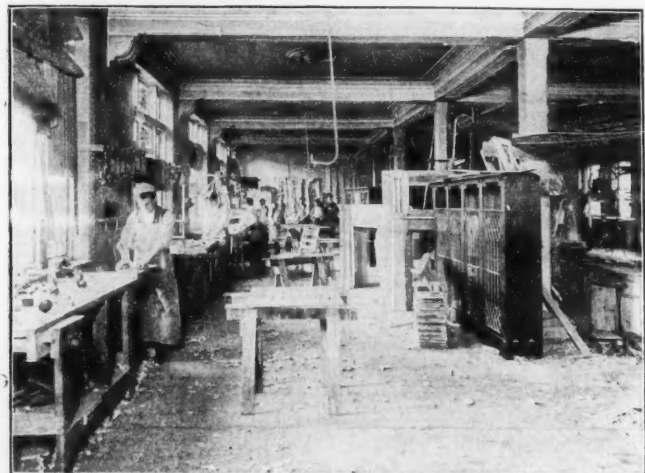
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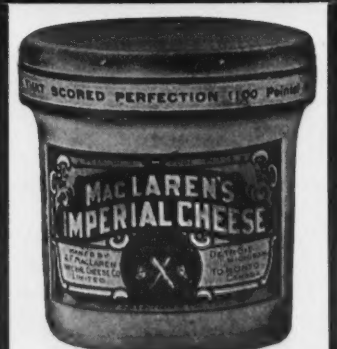
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OPTICIANS-TO-THE-PEOPLE



Miss Maud Gordon of the Conservatory of Music is spending the summer in Connecticut.

Mrs. Charles MacPherson of Detroit, formerly Miss Helen G. Mitchell of Toronto, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Kinsella, 85 Gloucester street.

Mrs. Cecil Trotter and her family will spend July and August at Atherley, Lake Simcoe, where Dr. Trotter will take them in August.

Mrs. Herbert E. Turner and her son, of Rat Portage, Ont., arrived in town on Sunday and are the guests of the former's parents in Lisgar street.

Dr. and Mrs. Price-Brown have gone to Europe, sailing from Montreal on the "Tunisian" of the Allan Line. They expect to return to the city during the first week of September.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Kamman and Miss Moughton of Buffalo, N.Y., passed through Toronto on Monday, in their automobile en route east, and registered at the King Edward Hotel.

Dr. John Hoskin of The Dale and Mr. Byron E. Walker received D.C.L. degrees from Trinity University on Wednesday afternoon at 3.45 o'clock.

On Thursday afternoon of last week the fifteenth annual commencement of the Presbyterian Ladies' College was followed by a most enjoyable garden party, the handsome grounds behind the college in Bloor street being filled with the friends of that popular institution.

Mrs. MacIntyre, the president, and members of the staff received in the library, from which bright room the guests passed out to wide verandas and flag-decked lawns.

Miss Phillips wore a pretty gown of pale green crepe de sole. Miss McDougall a reseda gown, trimmed with cream lace. Miss Lyons and Miss Simmers were in dainty white organdie.

Miss Harrison wore a green velvet with trimming of chiffon. The large marquee, where refreshments were served, contained tables decorated with ferns, marguerites and white roses, which were waited upon in charming fashion by the elder pupils.

The two young graduates, Miss B. Bowber and Miss F. M. Murray, were heartily congratulated by many friends. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Blaikie, Mr. and Mrs. W. Houston, Rev. B. D. and Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. J. C. Gunn, Mrs. W. Christie, Mrs. McCallum, Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. Sharpe, Mrs. Becher, Miss Macklem, Dr. Clark (Australia), Mr. and Mrs. Fraser (Hampshire), Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, Miss Scott, Rev. Dr. Clarke, Rev. Dr. Bruce, the Misses Bruce, Mr. Sherwood, Dr. Little, Dr. Isabel Little, Mr. and Mrs. Cringan, Dr. and Mrs. G. Kennedy, Mrs. Ollivier, Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Creighton, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Claude Fox, and the Misses Riddell, Miss Watts, B.A., Mrs. Wanless (Dubuik), Rev. and Mrs. A. Macdonald, Professor and Mrs. Hume, Mr. and Mrs. Lamont, Colonel and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. T. Galbraith, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Gaudin, Mrs. Eudon, Mrs. J. Y. Egan, Dr. Wilson, Rev. and Mrs. A. McMillan, Miss E. Robertson (St. Catharines), Mr. and Mrs. Williams (Oshawa), Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone, Mr. and Mrs. Lamont, Mrs. J. Dowling, Mr. G. W. Grote, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Gage, Miss Gage, Rev. Dr. Wild, Mrs. W. H. Olliphant, Mrs. R. S. Williams, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. and Miss Milligan, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Bowber, Mrs. Jones and Miss Murray, Mrs. Ludwig, Mrs. T. Galbraith, Mrs. Gilchrist, Miss Bain, Misses Hall, Miss Burns, Miss and Mrs. Hosack, Mrs. Dowling, Mrs. John Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. J. Steele and Miss Steele, Mrs. F. T. Fox, Mrs. Needham, Lady principal of Ottawa Ladies' College; Mrs. and Miss Swayn (Hamilton), Dr. and Miss Newman (St. Catharines), Miss Ethel Robinson (St. Catharines), Mrs. William Christie, Miss M. Collum, Mrs. Ogilvie (Wisconsin), Miss Jones and Miss Richard (Switzerland), Miss W. L. Milligan.

The marriage of Major James Cooper Mason, D.S.O., son of Lieutenant Colonel Mason, R.O., and Miss Jean Florence McArthur, eldest daughter of Mrs. McArthur of 119 St. George street, took place on Tuesday afternoon at the ceremony, which was private, a brilliant reception was held on the large shaded lawn in rear of the McArthur home.

It would be impossible to find a fairer afternoon for an al fresco function. The good omen of the weather but confirmed the deep-seated conviction of the friends of the happy pair, that the wedding will be only an episode in a firm, true affection, and that as the gallant Major said in his speech of acknowledgement when healths were drunk, if they are not the happiest of couples it will not be their fault. Seen from the raised balcony the scene in the garden was perfect. Small groups of guests sat at small tables, or clustered around the bride party, who after receiving in the drawing-room at half-past three, led the way to the lawn, where a buffet was spread with endless good things. The bride's gown was of white satin, very beautifully trimmed with rare lace, a tulle veil fell from a spray of orange blossoms arranged crown-wise on her dark hair. The bride's bouquet was of roses and lily of the valley. Her maid of honor and bridesmaids, Miss Edith and Miss Louise McArthur, Miss Mary Mason and Miss Helen Douglas, were pictures of girlish grace in shell pink dresses, with yellow lace and hats to match, and carried pink sweet-peas. Mr. Harry Kingston was best man. The wedding party were attended by three ushers, Captain Barker, Dr. McGilivray, and Mr. Cassella. Mr. Peter McArthur, uncle of the bride, gave her away, and in a good speech proposed the health of the bride and groom. An orchestra played during the reception, and a splendid array of gifts and many congratulatory telegrams were in the spacious rooms. The bride and groom went west for the honeymoon, and will visit the St. Louis Exposition. Mrs. Mason is going away gown and hat were white, the hat being trimmed with pink roses. The groom's regiment, the Royal Grenadiers, presented Major Mason with a handsome gold watch. Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Colonel Stinson, Colonel and Mrs. Pellatt, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Miss Elsie Mortimer Clark, Colonel and Mrs. Mason, were at the reception, which was an ideal function.

Trinity College was the Mecca of many a joyous pilgrim on Wednesday afternoon, and such a gathering as was to be seen on the south lawn in

front of the College at half-past five has not often been seen at Trinity. The Provost, in his scarlet robes, received on the terrace, assisted by Mrs. Charles Fleming and Mrs. Symons. The immense marquee on the lawn shaded a bountiful table of refreshments, and the hundreds of guests enjoyed the perfect afternoon, and the interesting occasion, glancing admiringly at the fine gates which now separate Trinity grounds from the pavement, and which were formally opened on Wednesday.

Among the guests who met Mr. Dixon and Colonel and Mrs. Merrill of London, England, at the Grange on Wednesday, were His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Colonel and Mrs. McLeh, Mr. and Mrs. John Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon MacKenzie, Captain and Mrs. Burns, who have just returned from England, Miss Cawthra of Yeaddon Hall, the sweet little pair of bridesmaids from the Coolmine wedding, with many of the guests from Trinity, who came in later.

Mr. Percival Ridout leaves on July 16 for Folkestone, England, to rejoin Mrs. Ridout.

The school year of the Model School of Music, Beverley street, closed with a series of pupils' recitals on the evenings of the 25th, 27th and 28th of June, in which fifty pupils took part, representing work done in the vocal, violin and pianoforte departments. The recitals were well attended and successful in every way.

Best of Equipment and Through Sleepers

On the Grand Trunk's new World's Fair Express, leaving Toronto daily at 8 a.m., also through vestibule coach to St. Louis and dining car to Port Huron. The International Limited leaving at 4.40 p.m. has through vestibule Pullman to St. Louis and parlor car to Detroit. Everything is up-to-date on the popular line to the Great World's Fair. Low rate of \$19.20 in effect from Toronto, includes stopover at Chicago, Detroit and Canadian stations.

Tickets, illustrated literature and full information at city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

Independent Order of Foresters.

The Independent Order of Foresters will dedicate their Foresters' Orphan's Home, at Foresters' Island, Deseronto, on the 27th of August. The building is now completed and is a magnificent structure. It is intended by this institution to take care of and educate the orphans of deceased Foresters where the assistance left by their parents is not sufficient to maintain them. This great work of the Order is to be congratulated upon taking such a step in advance of all other fraternal societies in this country. We understand that the system to be adopted in connection with the selection of children leaves the choice in the hands of the various High Courts. Dr. Orphanage, indeed, engaged in a great work, and by arranging this scheme has shown himself to be a man of great views, what we have always held him to be.

Whether Foresters or not, will be delighted to see that the Supreme Chief Ranger of the I. O. F. is succeeding in this great undertaking. We trust that the years go by continued success may attend his efforts.

Lawn Bowling.

BOWLERS are very active this week arranging their rinks and making preparations for the coming sixteenth annual tournament of the Ontario Lawn Bowling Association, which will take place July 5 on the lawn of the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, commencing at 10 a.m. Entries for rink competitions close on Saturday, July 2, and should be addressed to Q. D. McCulloch, 72 Queen street east.

A number of the executive visited the Queen's Royal lawn on Tuesday last, and completed full arrangements for the holding of the tournament. The green is in charge of Captain Bley of the Grange, which is sufficient guarantee that it will be in tip-top condition and that players will have nothing to complain of. Already the applications for rooms at the Queen's Royal far exceed those of previous years and everything points to the most successful tournament in the career of the Association.

The afternoon president, Mr. J. McCarron, challenged the vice-president, Mr. George R. Hargraff, to a game, and the following rinks were chosen:

R. Moon, J. B. McKay, B. Burns, J. S. Dority, Q. D. McCulloch, E. T. Lightbourn, J. McCarron, 22 G. R. Hargraff, 19.

The game had its amusing episodes. Mr. Burns undertook to bowl with a bias of 7 and 8 with a most extraordinary result. Mr. Dority was conspicuous by his ability to kick in the bowls when the score was against him, depriving his opponents in one instance of at least three shots. The president contented himself with a pair of bowls, one of which had a blind eye, but which had a happy tendency of taking out his opponent's shot, and Mr. McKay, while relating one of his many entertaining stories, in his forgetfulness pocketed one of his opponent's bowls. Mr. Lightbourn, in his efforts to run the jack, smashed a hole in the side of the barn large enough to have been the result of Admiral Togo's blockade of the Port Arthur Russian fleet. However, the score shows, the president was victorious, owing to the superb bowling of his first and third players.

The Toronto Victorias visited the Hamilton Thistles on Saturday last and administered the first defeat to the Ambitious City club during the many years of the friendly rivalry between these well-known clubs. The Vics' feel very "cocky," as our friend Dick Kearns would say, over the result.

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An Irishman had resigned his job several times to better himself, and each time when he returned penniless, his old employer took him back. "Pat," said a friend, after an allusion to the kind and forbearing treatment he had received, "you can't do too much for that employer of yours." Pat answered lightly, "Arrah, neither will I."

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SOCIETY

Dr. John Hoskin, upon whom a degree was conferred by Trinity College on Wednesday, made a very able and wise speech of acknowledgment on the honor. He accepted the honor as the expression of the appreciation of the services rendered by his colleagues as much as of his own in bringing the federation of Trinity and Varsity to completion. Dr. Hoskin is chairman of the Board of Trustees of the University of Toronto, and as such was chosen chairman of a joint committee from Trinity and Toronto. He noticed most graciously the special self-denial of the medical men during the negotiations, the respective deans, Temple and Reeve, having given up large emoluments to further the amalgamation of the two schools of medicine, and also eulogized Provost Macklem for his faithful labor of love in the same cause. Further, the speaker commented upon the increased expenses of various extended studies, new buildings and the residence, and while gratefully acknowledging the aroused interest and generosity of the Government, which has lately gladdened the hearts of Varsity people, asked, confident of the Government's favorable response, for the necessary funds for the new Physics building and woman's residence. Dr. Hoskin made the following point:

"Let me correct a very common error which exists, and that in the minds of some of the members of the Legislature, namely, that the University is a Toronto Institution, created and existing for the benefit of the sons and daughters of Toronto. Such is not the case—it is essentially a farmer's university. Of the students now in attendance, 2,135, nearly 1,700 are from the country, and to this fact I desire to draw the attention of the members, with the object of enlisting their co-operation in supporting the efforts of the Government adequately to maintain the Provincial University of which this province has just reason to be proud. And I would urge that if the University is to keep abreast of the times, especially in the matter of science—to hold its own amidst the universities of this continent—the Legislature must lend a willing and responsible progress in a greater degree than do matters of federation and affiliation. Many educational institutions are affiliated and others are seeking to be, and as to the federated colleges, they are Victoria, Knox, Wyllie St. Michael's, and now Trinity. May I be pardoned for saying in passing that the University being now surrounded, supported, shielded and guided by these religious institutions, should itself be regarded as a Goye one. 'Noscitur ex socio qui non cognoscitur ex se,' will be applicable.

"I have much pleasure in bearing willing testimony that all concerned—the Government, the trustees, the Senate and the staff—are very much in earnest in promoting the advancement and welfare of the University around which these federated colleges and affiliated institutions have gathered—and none more so than the staff, who, one and all, the president, vice-president and others, take a deep and practical interest in promoting its welfare—in which Trinity, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, is now vitally concerned—and I unhesitatingly say that in no university on this continent does a more efficient and zealous staff than that of the University of Toronto, a body of men, by the way, who, while they receive all we can give them, are inadequately remunerated for the services they render."

Mrs. Goldwin Smith entertained on Wednesday afternoon at the Grange, which historic home never looked more beautiful than on that occasion. As we went to press a day earlier than this week, on account of the holiday, I have been obliged to leave many interesting events unrecorded.

A correspondent writes: "The annual spring regatta of the Canoe Club is an event to which the younger set of the city always look forward with much interest, and the one held last Saturday was no exception. Uptown the residents who taboo canoeing sweltered under the hot rays of a late June afternoon. Down at the Canoe Club the breeze was cool and refreshing, and the broad expanse of the bay faded away into the tree-covered water-line at the Island. Dinghies and canoes flitted here and there, and the friends of the club spent an enjoyable time. After the afternoon's sports refreshments were served in the gymnasium upstairs, and in the evening dancing was indulged in. Among those present were: The Commodore and Mrs. E. R. King, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Eber, Mr. and Mrs. Blackhall, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Brent, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Kelsey, Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Durham, Mr. and Mrs. W. Miles, Mrs. E. S. Dill, Mrs. George Wilkie, Mrs. A. L. Young, Mrs. Hesson, Miss Stephens, Miss Piper, Miss Husband, Misses Carrie, Mr. and Mrs. Millsap, Miss Buffy, Miss Pearl Gay, Mrs. A. R. Gay, Miss Milne, Misses Dudley, Miss C. Hickson, Mrs. F. Culverwell of Baltimore, Md., Mrs. L. Hewitt, Mrs. Stovel of New York, Miss Somerville, Misses Leavens, Miss Bertha Wilson, Miss Florence McBeth, Miss Bessie Bonall, Miss Dill, Miss Whitton, Miss Bowerman, Misses Gallagher, Miss Evans, Mrs. Hunt, Misses Leith, Misses Wyndow, Miss Ethel Ryan, Miss Josephine Blatchly, Misses Blight, Miss Farrell, Miss Graham of Columbus, Ohio, Miss Ruth May, Mr. Alex. Robertson, Mr. J. Gay, Vice-Commodore Multhead, Mr. A. W. Hutchison, Mr. A. J. Savage, Mr. L. Wickens, Mr. W. R. Somerville, Mr. C. R. Robertson, Mr. E. Ryan, Mr. Richard Bonall, Mr. George Hendry, Mr. Sherman, Mr. W. McQuillan, Mr. Cecil Jenkins, and many others."

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Mr. J. W. Ryder, city passenger agent Grand Trunk Railway, northwest corner King and Yonge streets, will give all information, make reservations, etc.

The Conservatory Commencement.

The commencement exercises of the Toronto Conservatory of Music were held Tuesday night in their beautiful concert hall, which was crowded to overflowing. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, who was accompanied by Mrs. Mortimer Clark, addressed the graduates in a most felicitous manner, after which he presented the diplomas to the successful students. The concert which preceded the presentation did honor to the occasion, and those who contributed gave ample proof of the hard and arduous studies which they had applied, and an appreciative audience was lavish in praises. Flowers were in abundance and harmonized exceedingly well with the beautiful young ladies who were the recipients.

List of graduates:
Pianoforte (artists' course)—Miss Dora M. Dowler, Toronto; Miss Jessie Elliot, Albert College, Belleville; Miss Berta U. Holmes, Nassau, N. P., Bahamas; Miss Daisy Ena Husband, Conservatory of Music, Hamilton; Miss Laura D. LaVoie, Albert College, Belleville; Miss Agnes St. Charles, Albert College, Belleville; Miss Ada Sinder, St. Jacobs; Miss M. Adele Thompson, Dutton, Pianoforte (teachers' course)—Miss Katie Foy Greenan, Toronto; Miss Edith Ray Dafe, Nanapan; Miss Margaret M. Fraser, Embro; Miss Rose Kitchen, Toronto; Miss Lily Lawson, Toronto; Miss Martha Leslie, Georgetown; Miss Edith Penhall, Atwood; Mr. William J. Pitman, Toronto. Organ—Miss Edith Ray Dafe, Nanapan; Violin—Miss Florence Kitchen, Toronto; Miss Rachel E. McQuay, Sunnyside Corners. Vocal—Miss E. Muriel Bickell, Toronto; Mr. Arthur G. Ede, Woodstock; Miss M. Elda Flett, Warton; Miss Michaelis, Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby; Miss Mabel E. Penny, Toronto; Miss I. Constance Tandy, Kingston. Theory—Miss H. May Jupp, Toronto; Mr. John Agar Stokes, Toronto Junction; Miss Helen M. A. Strong, Galt.

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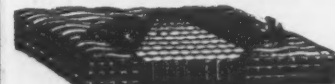


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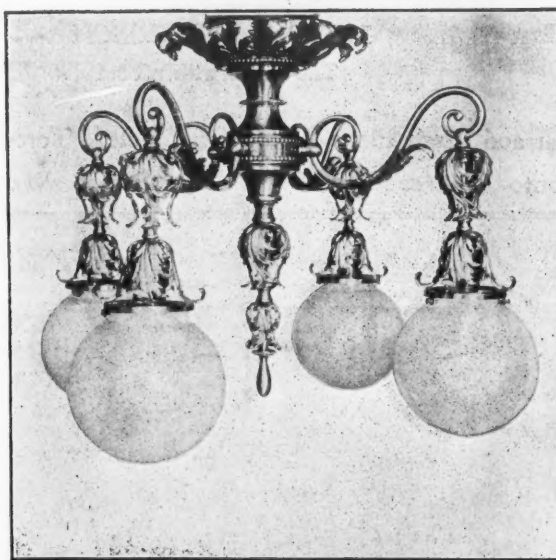
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Births

Blackwood—June 21, Toronto, Mrs. Henry Price Blackwood, a daughter.
MacLaren—June 28, Toronto, Mrs. Wallace A. MacLaren, a son.
Parmenter—June 28, Toronto, Mrs. Frank Dewart Parmenter, a son.
Riordon—June 27, St. Catharines, Mrs. Carl C. Riordon, a daughter.

Marriages

Alexander—Preston—May 17, London, England, Evelyn Preston to E. A. Alexander.
Morice—Macdonald—June 25, Toronto, Kate Macdonald to J. Albert R. Morice.
Macdonald—Sturrock—June 25, Toronto, Laura Sturrock to John Stuart Macdonald.
McMichael—Howden—June 27, Toronto, Emma Dora Howden to A. Forester McMichael.
Perry—Plaskett—June 27, Toronto, Bessie Florence Plaskett to Pringle Kerr Perry.
Shaw—McCall—June 22, Wooler, Elsie McCall to E. M. Shaw.
Sheffield—Smart—June 27, "Oakholme," Toronto Junction, Eva Smart to Walter C. Sheffield.
Strathy—Kirkpatrick—June 28, Toronto, Mabel Theodora Kirkpatrick to Gerald Brakenridge Strathy.

Deaths

O'Malley—June 26, Toronto, John O'Malley, aged 80 years.
Black—June 24, Toronto, Joseph Black, aged 79 years.
Boxall—June 25, Toronto, Garnet Percival Boxall, aged 19 years.
Brabant—June 28, Ottawa, Mrs. Anne Merriman Brabant, aged 87 years 3 months.
Campbell—Suddenly, June 24, New York, Jack W. Campbell.
Coupland—June 27, Toronto, Margaret Burnett Owen Coupland, aged 86 years.
Dykeman—June 28, Toronto, Angus Dykeman, aged 49 years.
James—June 27, Toronto, William Henry James, aged 63 years.
Kennedy—June 28, Toronto, Ex-Mayor Warring Kennedy, aged 76 years.

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